



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE GIFT OF
Prof. Bradley Davis



E
467.1
.H2
.M65

In Memory Of



WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK



Wm. A. Hancock

LETTERS AND ADDRESSES

CONTRIBUTED

AT A GENERAL MEETING OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION
HELD AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. H.,
FEBRUARY 25, 1886

IN MEMORY OF WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK

MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES
COMMANDER SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
PRESIDENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE LOYAL LEGION



PUBLISHED FOR
THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION of the United States
By G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK.
1886

COPYRIGHT BY
THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION
1886



Press of
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York

HANCOCK.

The Sun of Tropic's story day
Appeals but charms us not—
Give me the orb of genial ray
That shines without a spot.
Let heartless Power with splendor glow—
Give me the staidly Great,
Whom high and low and friend and foe
With awe appreciate. —
O! Great & Good! O! Brave & Kind,
Too brief has been the span
That makes each friend thou leav'st behind
Feel proud that he is MAN.



gift
Prof. Bradley Davis
7-15-29

P R E F A C E .

OUR President, who had braved death in many battles has been stricken in his peaceful home.

The work of this Institution was new and experimental, and, in conducting it, we have profited by the fact that Hancock's intuitions were better than logic, and his conclusions were sound, whether his reasons for them were apparent or not. Our success is due largely to his guidance, and to the confidence reposed in him by the Government and the Army. By his death we have lost our cloud by day and our pillar of fire by night.

Hancock was the impersonation of modesty and valor. Not vain of his scars, but proud that bullets aimed at the heart of the Republic had been intercepted by his body.

Newly-made graves are the garden-spots of the purest and most exalted sentiments.

A few of the flowers of thought and feeling that sprang from the grave of General Hancock, gathered in the freshness of their bloom, are pressed between the covers of this Monograph, in the hope that they may preserve their hues and fragrance, keep his memory green, afford comfort to the bereaved, encouragement to men, and express in some degree the prevailing sentiment concerning one of the best soldiers and purest men that our country has produced.

James A. Fry
Ch. Pub. Lib.

0100-10-30 H R for HQ B

Release. Msp. 6-18-35-

CONTENTS.

<p> PORTRAIT OF GENERAL HANCOCK <i>Frontispiece</i> ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY HALL. TITLE-PAGE i EPIGRAM CAPT. R. M. POTTER iii PREFACE GEN. J. B. FRY v ADDRESS GEN. W. F. SMITH i POEM—"THE STORY OF A HERO" M. E. W. S. 5 LETTERS AND ADDRESSES 7-80 </p>	<p> HON. T. F. BAYARD 7 HON. W. C. ENDICOTT 9 GEN. W. T. SHERMAN 9 GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN 10 GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD 11 GEN. T. L. CRITTENDEN 12 GEN. W. B. FRANKLIN 13 GEN. D. E. SICKLES 16 GEN. D. C. BUELL 17 GEN. H. W. SLOCUM 18 GEN. W. W. BURNS 19 GEN. J. F. HARTRANFT 19 GEN. A. DOUBLEDAY 20 GEN. O. B. WILLCOX 21 GEN. G. W. CULLUM 23 PROF. H. COPPEÉ 25 GEN. T. M. VINCENT 27 MAJOR W. P. WILSON 28 MAJOR E. W. CLARK 29 </p>	<p> CAPT. W. D. W. MILLER 31 COL. G. MEADE 32 CAPT. W. H. LAMBERT 34 CAPT. J. H. MERRYMAN 35 GEN. A. J. PERRY 36 COL. G. N. LIEBER 37 MAJOR A. B. GARDINER 38 CAPT. G. F. PRICE 38 COL. G. D. BREWERTON 39 LIEUT. W. F. HALLECK 39 MAJOR H. C. CUSHING 40 COL. S. B. LAWRENCE 41 GEN. C. A. WHITTIER 42 COL. J. P. NICHOLSON 42 CAPT. G. A. GOODALE 44 GEN. J. G. WILSON 45 HON. E. L. VIELE 46 GEN. E. L. MOLINEUX 47 GEN. G. W. WINGATE 48 </p>
--	---	---

GEN. H. C. KING	49	HON. E. S. BRAGG	62
C. F. BENJAMIN, ESQ. (POEM)	51	REV. H. CROSBY	62
HON. S. J. TILDEN	52	T. B. MUSGRAVE, ESQ.	62
GEN. J. J. ASTOR	52	W. H. PENDER, ESQ.	63
G. W. CHILDS, ESQ.	53	HON. D. D. WHITNEY	64
A. BELMONT, ESQ.	54	REV. J. R. PAXTON	64
J. W. DREXEL, ESQ.	55	REV. H. M. BOOTH	65
A. J. DREXEL, ESQ.	55	A. TRUMBLE, ESQ.	65
HON. G. P. WETMORE	56	GEN. C. P. STONE	67
HON. J. R. BRADY	56	A. C. REDWOOD, ESQ.	67
COL. J. HAY	58	GEN. J. B. GORDON	69
COL. F. D. GRANT	59	GEN. N. A. MILES	70
REV. E. H. C. GOODWIN	59	GEN. Z. B. TOWER (POEM)	73
HON. B. H. FIELD	60	COL. B. NORRIS	76
G. SMALL, ESQ.	61	COL. T. YATES	77
COL. F. ANDERSON	77		

SUPPLEMENT.

MILITARY RECORD (WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK)	83
MAJOR-GEN. HANCOCK TO THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY,	84
GEN. HANCOCK'S ACCEPTANCE AS PRESIDENT M. S. I.	90
RESOLUTIONS (MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION)	93

AN ADDRESS* BY
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM FARRAR SMITH,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Institution :

I T would not come within the limits of my abilities or your wishes to attempt a formal eulogy on the character and services of Winfield Scott Hancock, and I will detain you but a few moments to speak of some of the prominent qualities of our friend and companion-in-arms, as unfolded to me during an acquaintance of more than forty years, and to relate some few incidents in his career in the early part of the war, which came within my personal knowledge, and which all pointed to the magnificent record he made for himself as a leader of men. Together three years at West Point, in after periods we were joined in close official connection, and, I believe, without ever a word to mar our perfect official and personal relations.

The strikingly handsome boy, whom I first knew at West Point, was popular for his genial disposition and pleasant manners, though behind these there was an inflexible will which kept him always firm in his purpose to do only that which seemed to him good.

After he left West Point, we did not meet until the autumn of 1861, when we came together in the same division in front of Washington. The winter was given up by General Hancock to indefatigable labors of drilling and disciplining his brigade, which through the war bore the impress of his teaching. The treatment of his volunteer officers was at first a surprise and mystery to them. On duty he never overlooked a fault, and his reproofs were prompt and sharp. Off duty his bearing was courteous and unconstrained. When his subordinates learned to understand the two natures thus shown, they respected and loved him, and imitated his example. It was a good school for the citizen volunteer.

* By request of the Council M. S. I. at Governor's Island, N. Y. H., Feb. 25, 1886.

In the movement of the Army of the Potomac up the Peninsula, our division had the advance of the left wing, and arrived in front of Warwick Mills, in a large open field, with the creek in our front made impassable by dams, and a strong field-work covering the crossing in its front.

The day after our arrival, Hancock was sent with his brigade up the creek on a reconnoissance with orders to search for a place to break the line, and if he found a point, to send back word and the other brigades would go to his support. At Lee's Mills he found the place, and his men, though unused to battle, moved with precision, and with their rifles commanded the earthwork below them, and the broad dam which gave access to it. A general order prevented the intended movement, and General Hancock returned to his camp, but with a certainty that his labors during the winter had given him a brigade upon which he could rely in the hour of battle. The test soon came, for on the morning of the battle of Williamsburg, while the mass of our troops was engaged in desperate and futile efforts to carry Fort Magruder, Hancock with his brigade, increased by one regiment, was sent to the right to turn the work.

The order of the general in command of the field, and the only one which could be obtained from him, was that Hancock should go to the first dam, and if the earthwork protecting it was found unoccupied he was to seize it and remain there. Under the order of the division commander he was told to go as far as he could, and if he found a good point of attack he was to hold his ground and the other brigades of the division would go to him. Hancock passed over the dam by the unoccupied work near it, and on over the open country, taking two more unoccupied strong redoubts. This brought him where his guns could reach Fort Magruder, and within a short distance of the broad road which was the enemy's line of retreat from the fort.

General Hancock at once sent back for the promised assistance, which was not allowed to go to him. The enemy seeing the threatening position held by Hancock, and the small force under him, sent a column against him *deemed sufficient to crush him*. Hancock's dispositions to receive the attack were admirable; he had confidence in his men and they in him, and after a severe fight the enemy were driven back in confusion, many prisoners captured, and the road to the rear of the enemy cleared for our advance.

The fight of Hancock's brigade was the only affair on that day

to redeem our arms and generalship from a crushing defeat. General Heintzelman told General McClellan, in my presence on the following morning (after the enemy had retired), that his command, which had been fighting in front of Fort Magruder, was so dispirited that he had ordered the bands to play patriotic airs during the evening. The patriotic airs of Hancock's muskets had settled the question and forced the evacuation of Fort Magruder.

The next fight in which Hancock was engaged was on the evening of the day of the battle of Gaines' Mill. At that time he held the right of the left wing of the army, with his right on the Chickahominy, the division covering the bridges connecting the wings. Hancock's pickets were but a short distance in front of his line, and the pickets of the enemy not a stone's throw from them, and yet so well did he, and that other splendid soldier, Brooks, watch their lines, that they were not surprised by a sudden and furious assault, and soon scored a victory. I think that was the only assault made that day on the left wing, and had it been successful there probably could have been no change of base to the James River.

At Antietam, after the thorough defeat of the extreme right of our army, Hancock, with his brigade, was suddenly called upon to check the enemy, who were advancing on lines of unsupported batteries, which had even no ammunition for their own defence. He had just arrived on the field, with his brigade closed in mass, and the change of front, deployment, and advance of the brigade was like a transformation scene. The line thus taken was held till after Lee's retreat across the Potomac. That day, during the fighting, Hancock was transferred to the command of a division, and we were no longer side by side.

Of his peculiar qualities on the field of battle, I can say that his personal bearing and appearance gave confidence and enthusiasm to his men, and perhaps no soldier during the war contributed so much of personal effect in action as did General Hancock. In the friendly circle his eye was warm and genial, but in the hour of battle became intensely cold and had immense power on those around him. It is not necessary to say to those who hear me, that the opening of a battle operates with very different results on different organizations. In General Hancock I should say that the nervous, the moral, and the mental systems were all harmoniously stimulated, and that he was therefore at his very best on the field of battle. Of such organizations are all men who

have won decisive victories in action. Notwithstanding all his fame as a soldier, I think history will accord not the least bright page to his administration in Louisiana and Texas. At a time when military men thirsted for power, when one part of our country was demoralized by poverty and defeat, and when even the people of the North were getting accustomed to the despotism of long-continued military authority, General Hancock clearly proclaimed the fundamental principle of the subordination of the military power, which is always abnormal, to the civil, which alone has the true interests of mankind in its keeping.

The political campaign of 1880 brought me again in close contact with Gen. Hancock. I doubt if it can be said of many candidates for the Presidency, within the last half century, what I believe myself safe in saying of him, that to the close of the campaign *no* man was ever promised a place or office by him. I think his firm determination to hold to a principle affected the result.

The campaign had for him one brilliant result, for the efforts of his political opponents established his character and actions as so high and unimpeachable as thenceforth to leave them unquestioned. One incident of the campaign is worthy of relation, putting as it does two men in a fine light. A warm political and personal friend of General Hancock visited him a few days after the nomination was made, and said: "General, I am rich, with far more money than I or my children can ever need. I know your situation, and the calls that will be made upon your purse in the exercise of a proper hospitality, and I have with me ten one thousand dollar notes, which I beg you to accept from me in the spirit in which they are offered. Your acceptance will make me happy, for it will show me that you think of me as I do of you." General Hancock put a hand on the shoulder of his friend, and with evidences of deep feeling in his face, said: "There is no man in this world from whom I would accept money sooner than from you. I thank you for the delicate way in which your friendship has been shown, but I cannot take the money." This friend came directly from that interview to me, and, in telling me the story, was as deeply moved as the General had been.

I have taken advantage of the kind offer of the Council, conscious of my inability, but impelled by a strong desire to utter some words of praise from a full heart.

The peaceful ending of a life filled with such stirring events was befitting his kindly nature.

The testimony of the thousands who lined the path of his last march through the drenching storm proved the deep place he had in the hearts of the people, and "when the gates of the tomb closed, and the bugle gave out its mournful call, then only did we realize that our friend and hero was at rest and his *light was out.*"

Wm. Smith,

THE STORY OF A HERO.

BY

M. E. W. S.

I.

OF all the old Greek fables,
Or of beleaguered town,
Of captains great, who nobly fought,
Won battles and renown—
In truth, of all the histories,
A mother tells her boy,
The story of our Hancock
Shall bear the least alloy.

II.

It is the legend golden,
The mother likes to tell
When at her knee the wondering boy
Stands fastened by the spell ;
The story of a glorious life
With wondrous power impressed,
Ennobled by an honest trust,
With Valor for its crest.

III.

Then wake the earlier memories—
West Point in all its pride !
The gay cadet with shining arms,
The maiden by his side !
What romance filled their beating hearts
Amidst that bright display !
Where each was fitting for his part—
Those gallant boys in gray !

IV.

She tells her boy how handsome,
(A hero of the Greeks !)
Our Hancock stood on duty,
Youth's roses in his cheeks.

How like the Centaur in his strength,
With certainty and speed
He rode so firm !—they seemed but one,
The rider and the steed !

V.

O ! morning of sweet beauty,
O ! scene so brave and fine,
As o'er the plain came marching
That straight and glittering line !
Dame Fortune, in her strange caprice,
Hid from us as she must,
Who held of life the longest lease,
Or who should bite the dust.

VI.

Then comes the day of Mexico !
He fleshed his maiden sword,
Contreras !—Churubusco !
And Molino's bloody ford !
The desperate fatal struggle,
When fell the Spanish pride,
And the grand old gates, which Cortez left,
Their portals opened wide.

VII.

From battle of South Mountain
To Gettysburg !—the field
Where rode our noble Paladin
While honor bore his shield !
How thrilled our hearts who heard the tale,
Which sounded through the land,
Of Hancock's splendid courage
And of that desperate stand !

VIII.

Time fails to tell of all he did ;
Though wounded, faint, and worn,
When by his glorious legions
The " stars and stripes " were borne.
Until on Appomatox plain
The crowning end we see,
When soldiers sheathed that bloody sword
Which ne'er unsheathed shall be.

IX.

" Wore he no armor," asks the boy,
" In all that desperate fight ?"
" Yes, boy—his armor was his truth,
His fealty to the right."
That gave his arm its iron strength ;
His clarion voice conveyed—

*His stoutness to the weakest heart ;
His orders were obeyed.*

X.

*"And was he happy all his life?"
"Alas ! my son—not so ;
It is not thus that Fate rewards
Her heroes here below."
His soldiers followed him with pride
Men whispered as he came :
"See ! there is Hancock the Superb !"
"His country guards his fame."*

XI.

*And when the Angel Michael
Shall wave his flaming sword,
And from the spirits militant
Shall come the final word,
The captains, at the Last Parade,
In glorious armor dressed,
Will gather where our Hancock's shade
Stands firm !—with arms "at rest."*

THE HONORABLE THOMAS F. BAYARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE.

I REGRET that I shall not be able to be at Governor's Island next Thursday evening to hear the paper read by General W. F. Smith, upon the life and services of General Winfield Scott Hancock.

The writer and his subject are well met, and the result cannot fail to be valuable to the truth of American military history, and will assist to assign his just place therein to the Patriot Soldier from whose newly made grave we have but just returned.

The circular sent me suggests a few words in response, and, whilst fully conscious of my unfitness to give judgment upon the professional ability of General Hancock, there are phases in his character and career to which with affectionate admiration I venture to refer, and in the same spirit as I would place upon his bier a branch of laurel or of oak in token of his military valor or his civic worth.

In an age of mercenary forces and luxurious tendencies, he was wholly disdainful of the attractions of wealth or the arts that gain or keep it. High above the seductions of gainful pursuits he held

aloft the standard of his profession, nor ever suffered it to be lowered in the public eye.

Whilst his shield bore many a mark of blows received in conflict, he laid it down in death as free from stain, as unsullied by mean imputation, or even suspicion, as when he first uplifted it in life's morning march.

In a juncture of great difficulty and public danger, when our political institutions seemed to be environed by doubts and obscurities that darkened every avenue of deliverance, remote and solitary, with no other aid than his own intellect and patriotic instincts, he wrote a letter from his farm in Missouri to the General of the Army, reviewing the political situation that followed the Presidential election of 1876, and the attitude of the two political parties of the country. Circumstances permitted me to be well aware of the condition of the country, and my official duties rendered it essential I should closely study them. Many and various were the expressions of opinion and the counsels suggested by the officials high and low, and in every branch of the Service, but I take leave here to say that no wiser, abler, or more patriotic deliverance; no sounder conception of constitutional duty and function, or solution based more solidly upon law and justice, can be found in the history of that period than is contained in the letter of General Hancock to which I have referred.*

It would be a fitting stone to be thrown upon the cairn you propose to raise to his memory, for he was indeed a soldier, and, like Washington, never forgot he was also a citizen.

"How well in him appears
The constant service of the antique world
When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

Your friend and servant,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "J. F. Maynard". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

* For the letter of General Hancock referred to, see Appendix.

THE HONORABLE WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

I REGRET very much that I am unable to leave Washington and take part in your Meeting on the evening of the 25th. It would have given me much satisfaction to do so, and to bear my testimony to the worth of General Hancock, and to the appreciation in which he is held by all his countrymen. Did my time allow, I would gladly have sent you a tribute to his memory in writing. But any thing worthy of such a subject it is beyond my power to send. He was a many-sided man, and you only deal with one aspect of his character and his services when you notice his gallantry and heroism in the field. For this, perhaps, he has been most conspicuous; but I have seen enough of him to learn that he was an able, large-minded man, whom the experiences of life had made wise and judicious, and to whom they had given a wide knowledge of men and of affairs. To be deprived of his services in the prime of his powers is a misfortune to his country, and I join with you most heartily in your sorrow for his loss, in your respect for his memory, and in gratitude for all that he did in the public service.

I remain your obedient servant,



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

I GOT back home yesterday pretty well used up, and was reminded by Dr. Alexander that I was not as young as I was twenty years ago. The second finger of my right hand was sore when I left home, and was not improved by the *rough* hand-shaking at Cincinnati and Norristown. If I were in New York, I surely should attend the Meeting of the Military Service Institution at Governor's Island on the 25th inst., but that is now impossible, nor can I write as I should, because of a lame hand which forbids the pen and compels me to resort to the pencil.

During the period of my command of the Army, 1869-1884,

I had many opportunities to visit Governor's Island, and to witness the personal interest, pride, and satisfaction, General Hancock had in your Institution and in every measure calculated to heighten the tone of the military profession, and to encourage the younger officers to prepare for whatever dangers might beset our country in the future. No matter what his opinions, and they were always strong, he was knightly loyal to his superior officers. I sometimes joked him about attending to little details which could have been devolved on his staff, but he insisted on seeing to every thing himself.

I think I must possess over a hundred letters of his. He, too, had his "controversies"—the one when his orders were reversed at New Orleans, which resulted in a breach with President Grant. I succeeded in reconciling them, but afterward, when he was the presidential candidate, the newspapers reported General Grant in the most exaggerated form, and renewed the breach, which was never healed. I wish you and the members of the Military Service Institution, of which General Hancock was President, to construe me as his friend, and that so long as I live I will be only too happy to bear testimony to his generous and magnificent qualities as a soldier, gentleman, and patriot.

With great respect,

Your friend,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "P. H. Sheridan", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN,
COMMANDING THE ARMY.

I AM in receipt of your letter inviting me to attend the Memorial Meeting of the Council of the Military Service Institution, at Governor's Island, Feb'y 25th.

I regret exceedingly that, on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Sheridan, I will be unable to attend.

I have always had the highest appreciation of the soldierly abilities of General Hancock, and join with the whole Nation in

admiration of his manly bearing and integrity in the performance of all his duties, and of his fine social qualities.

This forced absence from so interesting an occasion will always be a matter of regret to me.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "P. H. Sheridan". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT will not be practicable for me to be present at the Meeting of the Military Service Institution, to be held on the 25th instant, in honor of the memory of the late General Hancock. Hence I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by the Council to contribute, in writing, my feeble tribute of respect to the memory of our distinguished companion and friend, whose untimely death all sincerely mourn.

It was not my good fortune to be personally associated with General Hancock, either before or during the late war, hence I had not the opportunity, enjoyed by so many others, of an early knowledge of his rare character as a man and a soldier. But the acquaintance formed in 1865 soon ripened into strong friendship and ever-increasing admiration of the splendid qualities which made Hancock, in my estimation, one of the very foremost men of our time. His military record places him in the highest rank among soldiers as the actual commander of troops upon the field of battle, while his discharge of administrative duties was always marked with ability, accurate knowledge, and with profound respect for law and for the civil and military rights of individuals.

Even more exalted than the splendid soldier whom all admired, was the noble man, so warmly beloved by those who knew him well; a rare example of the most-exalted ambition coupled with absolute purity of character and a kind heart.

The military service has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the country one of its purest patriots.

Uniting with the members of the Institution in mourning the loss of our illustrious President,

I am, dear General, sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. M. Schuyler". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, horizontal flourish at the end.

BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

GREATNESS is of many kinds. Certain qualities and traits of character are sometimes the fashion, and the man who possesses these in an eminent degree is great while the fashion lasts—great for a little time, and then forgotten.

The qualities which made General Hancock great, his love of truth, his splendid bravery, his integrity and patriotism, these have outlived all fashions of men and defied every age of corruption. In any of the ages General Hancock would have been great. Moses would have made him a leader among the warriors of Israel, and inspired pens would have recorded his deeds.

Inside or out of the walls of Troy—with the heroic sons and soldiers of Priam, or with the warlike Greeks, Homer would have painted him in everlasting words.

But enough, too much, perhaps, about the mighty soldier, for all are familiar with his career. But I must say a word or two about the dear *friend* so many of us have lost.

That draped chair, in which he will never sit again, is like a vacant place in my heart, not to be filled any more in this life. And so another grief has come to abide with me.

Though we can no more feel the cordial grasp of his hand, nor hear his gentle voice of greeting, that came through his honest eyes and sweet smile, before it was uttered, yet we can all thank God that He sends some solace, hand in hand, with every grief. For we have the memory of the beautiful character of our dear friend. We can recall that marvellous mixture of traits which

made him as loving and gentle with his family and friends as he was terrible in battle. And we can rejoice that he began in his youth to build a noble character and was able to finish.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

I FIRST met General Hancock in 1840 when he entered the Military Academy. Both of us Pennsylvanians, we naturally became intimate. He was then a small boy scarcely of the regulation height, very handsome, and at once became a pet. No one ever outgrew that boyish condition sooner than did he, and when I graduated in 1843 he was as manly a fellow as the Academy ever produced. I saw little of him from 1843 until the late war, as we were on different lines in Mexico, and little of him then, until the 6th Corps was formed in May, 1862, when he came under my command as a brigade-commander in the splendid division of that corps commanded by Gen. W. F. Smith, whose grand address you have just heard. So long as he was attached to the 6th Corps I saw him frequently; of course I knew him well, and as I knew him longer I admired him more. I never met a man who, as a general officer, while under my observation, combined, so well as did he, the prudence which cherished the lives of his command, with the dash which was his distinguishing characteristic. While I was associated with him he was never forward to *court* danger, although always with his men; but when an order was given that involved a fight, the precise thing that was ordered was done, his brigade without exception behaving admirably. All of us know that in those early days of the war, the character of the commander was responsible for the behavior of his men more than it was in the later days, when the men had become such good soldiers that they fought with an assurance of victory, whether that assurance were borne out or not, anywhere, and under all leaders. Such men as Hancock at the commencement of a struggle like that of

the late war were worth hundreds of ordinary commanders. To be under his command, to know him, parodying an old expression, was to have a complete military education. His very appearance was inspiring—in action he was Mars himself,—and his behavior forced all who saw him to be as one with him.

He left my corps at the battle of Antietam, to command the division of Gen. Richardson, who was killed in that battle. I am not sure that the void thus left in the 6th Corps was ever filled.

From that time my intercourse with him was unofficial and social, and we became more and more attached friends until he died.

I used frequently to meet him in front of Fredericksburg in the winter of 1862. I heard of his magnificent conduct at the battle of Gettysburg, with the fame of which the whole country rang, and, still further on, I knew of his soldierly behavior in command of the 2d Corps, in the winter of 1864, in front of Petersburg.

So, throughout the whole war, wherever he went he did his whole duty, and when he fought, all the energy and dash of the man came out in a manner that attracted the admiration of all men at the time, and attracts it now, all over the world, wherever the story is told.

Then, too, when the war was ended and he was, as it were, made the civil autocrat of sovereign States just devastated by the war, his conduct toward the beaten people, his conciliatory manner, his able civil papers by which he made a reputation as a civilian equal to that which he already had as a soldier, all showed that here was a man equal to any emergency.

The result was that for a long time he was considered the representative of that portion of our people who thought as he did—in other words, of the great Democratic party. He was nominated by it for the Presidency in 1880, and I sincerely believe that he would have been elected except for a certain lukewarmness, and perhaps treason, in his own party.

His defeat was fortunate for him. Had he been elected his reputation would be no greater than it is. The short remnant of his days, embittered by domestic affliction, would have been sad indeed, if the heart-burnings and enmities of four years of a presidential term had been added to what he already had to bear.

In attempting to analyze his character as it was developed by events, I have concluded that the secret of his success was, that he, above all the professional soldiers of the war, from the time that he commanded a brigade until the war was ended, when he

commanded a corps, realized the fact that the time had arrived when the professional soldier had his opportunity and that such an opportunity, if improved, would bring distinction. That it was necessary, therefore, to keep an eye single to the acquirement of military experience from what he saw going on around him—to make no effort to unduly push himself forward,—not to be jealous or discontented if less worthy men were preferred before him—to be diverted by no side issue, but to await events,—in short, to press forward toward the mark of his high calling. He felt assured that the day would come, as it did come, when his dearly bought experience would serve him, and when his merit would be acknowledged. His action just before and during the battle of Gettysburg was the looked-for opportunity, and, I think that he was distinctly the hero of that battle.

And so he won one of the prizes of the war.

As a soldier he was without reproach, as a civilian far ahead of the reconstruction statesmen who had the government in hand after the end of the Civil War, and, as a man, a loyal and constant and generous friend. I shall never cease to regret his untimely end.

His name will go down in history as one of the noble products of the Civil War, and of the Army of the United States.

As a corroboration of Hancock's theory that the Civil War was the professional soldier's opportunity, I state the fact that, since 1864, three professional soldiers have been nominated by one or the other of the great political parties as candidates for the Presidency, and, since 1861, five have been raised to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

Halleck, Thomas, Meade, McDowell, Grant, McClellan, and Hancock—all dead. All men who occupied the most prominent positions in the Civil War. All dead before they had reached the threescore and ten years allotted to man. All dead just as they were beginning to enjoy their well-earned rest. Their comparatively early deaths demonstrate what has already been noticed, that military distinction is not generally accompanied by long life. Great soldiers burn the candle at both ends.

But I am sure that there is not a man who hears me, who would not be willing to select some one among those I have named, and die at his age, were he able to take his fame and name to the grave with him.

W B Franklin

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

I COME before you, as is my custom, without any written address, and I feel all the more embarrassed because so much has been said, and well said, that there is but little I can add to the memory of our illustrious friend.

That country, sir, must indeed be rich in great characters that can lose unmoved, within a single year, a group of men like Grant, McClellan, Hendricks, Hancock, and Seymour.

I know how tempting it is in speaking of a great soldier, to dwell upon brilliant military traits, but I must confess that I have been most touched to-night by reminiscences and portraiture of those elements in Hancock which made up the charm—that charm that radiated from the man in all the relations of life.

Hancock was singularly and fortunately happy in the enjoyment of so large a measure of appreciation during his life. It was not left for him to forecast in the unknown future the reputation that this country might award to his memory and achievements. There was something so clear, so admirable, in his making up that the whole country knew him at a glance and loved him and honored him.

When a candidate for the Chief Magistracy, he stood unchallenged the scrutiny of ten million of voters, and although he left the field an unsuccessful aspirant, how many are there who if they had gone through the same ordeal would have enjoyed, in retirement, the respect and esteem given to Hancock? He was greater in defeat than many a rival would be in success and power.

The touching incident mentioned by General Smith in his admirable address, reveals to you the character of the man. All the features of his nomination and canvass recall the earlier and better days of the Republic. From beginning to end his bearing was that of a knight and a patriot and an American citizen.

But this line of remark is too tempting, and I must remember the five-minutes' rule. It would not be proper for me to resume my seat, having known Hancock as a soldier, without saying at least a word in remembrance of that picturesque figure on the battle-field. There was something about him that impressed the imagination of the soldiers and won for him a place in their regard that it was always a pleasure to witness and to share. And that other trait of unswerving loyalty to his chief and to

the cause to which he was devoted. No commander ever doubted for a single instant the absolute loyalty of Hancock, and no soldier ever received from him a command that he was not eager and proud to obey.

I saw him in his last act of public duty, when he led the funeral column that escorted the remains of Grant to the tomb. In all that distinguished array of men on both sides of the great Civil War, none more than Hancock impersonated the best elements of manhood; none more than he embodied the traits of Soldier and Citizen, and none better illustrated the tenderer traits of our humanity that endear the relations of husband, father, and friend.

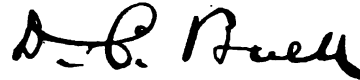
I am glad to see that he is to have a statue. I am glad that a Senator from Massachusetts is the one to make this proposition to Congress. Let that statue be decreed; let it stand in the Capitol. Its fame will outlive the dome that covers it, because his renown is associated with events in the annals of the American Republic which history will make imperishable.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "A. Miles", with a long, sweeping horizontal line underneath it.

MAJOR-GENERAL DON CARLOS BUELL,
LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

HANCOCK'S death was indeed a sad event. Nothing could have been more unexpected when I opened the dispatch on the evening of the 11th, dated the 10th. I pity his poor wife, for there could have been no more congenial and happy couple. I introduced him to her, and was his groomsman. Hancock was, you know, at West Point a year before I left. He entered at sixteen and looked even younger—a fair-haired, handsome boy, well-bred, good-tempered, and manly. He was one of the few "Plebes" who are at once taken into good fellowship by the older class, and he was a special favorite with my most intimate

friends. I did not see him much in the Army until we came together at St. Louis in 1850, he the adjutant of his regiment, with its colonel, Gen. Clark, who at the same time commanded the department of which I was the adjutant-general. Nine years had passed since we parted at the Academy. We had passed through the Mexican war in the meantime, and manhood had taken the place of his boyhood, but there was the same generous and genial nature, and the staff position which he occupied in his regiment showed that he had developed the qualities of an efficient officer. There was withal not a blemish in his moral character. I had never seen him under fire, and yet I knew—perhaps partly by the report of his associates, partly by an unconscious manifestation of character—that he was the very inspiration of gallantry and cool-headedness on the field of battle.



MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM,
LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I SINCERELY regret that I was prevented by illness from attending the Memorial Meeting on the 25th ultimo.

My associations with Gen. Hancock during the war and since its close enable me to appreciate his merits as a soldier and a citizen. On the field of battle he had no superior in either army. A true and accurate history of the war is yet to be written. Notwithstanding the high position now universally accorded to him, I know that every error of history which is to be corrected—any new truth brought to light—will add to his fame.

His connection with the civil and political affairs of our country since the close of the war endeared him to millions of his countrymen, and was in keeping with his brilliant career as a soldier.



BVT. BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM W. BURNS,

ASST. COMMISSARY-GENERAL, U. S. A.

IT is with diffidence I say a word on this occasion, feeling a delicacy in speaking of General Hancock, when anything I could say would seem self-asserting—for our relations were most confidential. At West Point, in Mexico, in Florida, in Utah, and in the Army of the Potomac to the time our divisions simultaneously crossed the bridges to the battle of Fredericksburg (I was soon after called to the Army of the Cumberland), I had learned to estimate his characteristics of thought and action, by examples; and so estimating, have reason to believe and feel impelled to say here without detracting from the well-earned fame of others, that to General Hancock the Nation owes the victory of the battle of Gettysburg. His was the originating and moving spirit of that battle; but for him it would have been lost! My knowledge of the facts and circumstances comes from him and from the records. I have said as much to him without contradiction. It is the simple truth, and his spirit will endorse it. History will record it.



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. HARTRANFT,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I REGRET that I cannot attend the Council of the Military Service Institution of the United States in commemoration of General Winfield Scott Hancock, at Governor's Island on the 25th inst.

His was always a soldierly figure and a soldierly fame. He had no opportunity to conduct large operations independently, but the skill and promptitude with which he marshalled the Union forces on the field of Gettysburg showed the eye and instinct of the commander. But as a lieutenant he was unsurpassed. His loyalty was absolute. I do not mean loyalty to the Cause only, but loyalty, as a soldier, to his chief. Whatever opinions of his own he may have had, and undoubtedly he had some very decided ones, his interpretation and obedience of orders were alto-

gether unbiassed and impersonal. To comprehend and carry out the plans of his chief, to subordinate himself to duty, had become a second nature to him. His quick, alert, mind and extensive professional knowledge and experience enabled him to execute his part of extended and complicated operations with a perfect understanding of its relative importance. Then he was emphatically a fighter. No corps in the army was fought harder than Hancock's. When Grant set the two armies in a death grapple, with the determination never to break or loosen it until one or the other was exhausted and subdued, a soldier like Hancock was invaluable to him. The vigor, pertinacity, and boldness of his attacks in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania admirably seconded the views of his chief.

Certainly, no higher eulogy can be paid any man than the one we can justly pronounce upon General Hancock, that he was of the finest type of a citizen-soldier, kind and gentle in Peace, fierce and invincible in War.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'A. Doubleday', with a stylized, flowing script.

BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

P REVIOUS to Gettysburg I had seen but little of Hancock. At the close of the battle there, on the first day, when our battered troops, worn out by hard fighting in resisting the advance of Lee's army, rallied on Cemetery Hill, Hancock rode up at a most opportune time. We were forming to the right and left of the Cemetery, the intention being to remain until help came. There was nothing to prevent the enemy from encircling and capturing us all, for every division of the Confederate forces, with the exception of one, was either in line of battle or very near the town. Hancock at once appreciated the value of this curved ridge as a defensive position for our army, and resolved to hold it, if possible. By posting troops far on the right and left he gave the enemy the impression that we had a long line and had been heavily reinforced. They accordingly delayed their attack until the next day, and the ridge remained in our possession.

This was the first great service rendered on that field by Hancock.

On the second day, when Anderson's division pierced our centre, Hancock checked them by ordering a desperate charge in which the First Minnesota regiment sacrificed itself for the common good, and by bringing up Willard's brigade in time to protect our line of guns, he thus saved the army from being cut in two.

This was his second great service in the battle.

It is needless to speak of Pickett's charge against Hancock's front on the third day, when the *elite* of the Southern army went down before our guns.

I can almost fancy I see Hancock again as he rode past the front of his command, just previous to the assault, followed by a single orderly displaying his corps flag, while the missiles from a hundred pieces of artillery tore up the ground around him.

He was wounded while personally superintending a flank attack upon the enemy.

The repulse of this great charge was, perhaps, the crowning achievement of his life.

As he lay helpless in his ambulance he wrote to urge a vigorous pursuit of the beaten army, not forgetting in the midst of his own pain, suffering, and probable death, the great interests confided to his care.

All honor to Hancock as a patriot, a soldier, and a gentleman.

Abner Doubleday
Asst Maj. Genl. U.S.A.
Late Maj. Genl. U.S. Mc

BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL ORLANDO B. WILLCOX,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

WHEN I was a pleb, or "thing," at West Point, Hancock was a first-class-man. Consequently my acquaintance at that time was like the acquaintance of a mortal with the gods. But I remember well his tall, slender, and handsome person, which he bore without haughtiness or condescension, even to the plebs. I remember that he challenged a classmate—I think it

was the Adjutant—to a fist fight, which excited great curiosity and profound interest in the corps, as well as some alarm lest the authorities should get wind of it, and spoil the fun; and that Hancock's audacity and pluck on the occasion made him one of the few notables in a class not particularly distinguished by men of character.

After next meeting him casually in the city of Mexico, I saw little of Hancock until I was Lieutenant in Lovell's Battery, stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, and Hancock was an officer in the 6th Infantry. His regiment had left that region, but Hancock returned to claim his bride, Miss Almira Russell, one of the sweetest reigning belles of St. Louis. The marriage took place in January, 1850. Don Carlos Buell, Anderson D. Nelson, and myself were groomsmen, and two fair Misses Graham and Miss Mary Colyer (I think) were the bridesmaids. The couple were as handsome a pair as can be imagined. Hancock was in the prime of manhood, with his Mexican laurels on his brow, and though a 2d Lieutenant, he was the Adjutant of his regiment.

I next met him at Fort Meyers, Florida, in the winter of 1855-56, a Captain in the Quartermaster's Department. It was during the Billy Bow-Legs campaign, and we were all bustle and excitement, coming and going between Tampa Bay, Fort Meyers, and the Everglades. Harney was in command. There were but few wives with their husbands, and Mrs. Hancock was one of them. Their little quarters were a perfect oasis in the desert to the rest of us, and the liberal hospitality and genial cordiality of Captain and Mrs. Hancock shed a glow of sunshine over our precious visits at Tampa. At the same time "things had to move" under the thousand official perplexities and annoying calls upon the Quartermaster's Department. His industry and painstaking were untiring; his accommodating spirit and rapid work at "filling requisitions" were so manifest that, for once, men failed to "damn the Quartermaster."

In the great Civil War, after thirteen months' imprisonment, I was thrown near Hancock at and after Antietam. He was already characterized in the Army of the Potomac as the "superb Hancock," from one of McClellan's reports, due not only to his well-known carriage and appearance, but to the splendor of his actual fighting qualities. He was the Paladin of our knightly cavaliers, and he could press the fight as hard and close and make it as

enthusiastic with his own men, and as hot for the enemy, as any general in the war. But his precautions and preparations for the charge or defence were so thorough that his success was almost inevitable, so long as he could hold his men in hand or get his orders obeyed, which difficult task he generally managed to accomplish by dint of personal pressure and bold supervision at every critical point of the field.

But I had also some personal knowledge of a trait less well known to the world, and that is, his perfect loyalty to every commander-in-chief of that army, and his efforts as a peace-maker to smooth the ruffs and heal the discussion between the hot-headed adherents of different chiefs ; and I take this opportunity to acknowledge my own indebtedness to Hancock's tact and firmness in this direction in the unwritten history of the "Army of the Potomac."

I am sure that if McClellan and Burnside were now alive they would lay an additional wreath on the altar we are now beginning to raise to the memory of their comrade and subaltern.

Hancock may go down to history as the Marshal Ney of our war. But he was a greater man than Ney—for he was incapable of infidelity to man, woman, or child.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "O. B. Villard" followed by a flourish.

BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. CULLUM,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

IN looking over Hancock's record I have been forcibly struck with his unhesitating obedience to superiors, his unswerving fidelity in the performance of every duty, and his steadfast loyalty to the flag under which he was educated.

Leaving the Military Academy at an impressionable age, when feeling is apt to dominate the reasoning faculties, Hancock was ordered to the South and continued in slave-holding territory for nearly thirteen years, except while in Mexico engaged in a war for the extension of southern territory. In these thirteen years, however, he never for a moment was swayed from his true alle-

giance by the blandishments of those around him, as the sequel proved. In 1859 he became the Chief-Quartermaster of the Southern District of California, mostly populated from the slave-holding States, and, consequently, when the Rebellion began, was surrounded with Southern influences. Though believing in the doctrine of States rights, he had no toleration for secession, which had precipitated the conflict of arms. Hence, when the echoes of the cannon-shot fired on Fort Sumter reverberated across the continent, he denounced this fatal heresy and, in a patriotic Fourth of July speech to the assembled troops, advocated the Union cause which soon he brilliantly sustained with his trusty sword. In the four years which followed, he was always the knightly soldier, carrying out the commands of his chief in the thickest of the fray.

During the Reconstruction period Hancock, on his way to his Southern command, penned his famous order No. 40, saying: "In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, to overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority; but when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military powers should cease to lead and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion." Noble words! which he in spirit and deed carried out so faithfully as to command alike the admiration of friends and foes.

In after years, when he became candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated, he promptly acknowledged that the *vox populi* was the *vox Dei*, and cheerfully attended the inauguration of his opponent. When the ceremony terminated, he was among the first to congratulate General Garfield as President of the United States.

Though Hancock never rose to the command of an army, he fulfilled Seneca's definition of a great man: "One who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering."

Geo. W. Cullerton

Brig. Gen'l., U.S. Army

PROFESSOR HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.,

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

WE meet to honor the memory and speak of the great services of our distinguished brother, WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK. We have sorrowed for his loss; but, Sir, I do not think the present is an occasion of mourning. That passed with the stunning shock of his departure; the lying-in-state in yonder darkened chamber; with the funeral march and the crashing volleys over his newly covered remains. Oh, Sir, we shall continue to hold him in tender memory, and regret that his place—his large place—is vacant in our circle and in the world. But there is another view of his departure. It was the remark of a wise ancient that we should account no man happy until his death. However famous, and prosperous, and enviable, his exalted station among men, there still remain for him, as for all, “the ills that flesh is heir to.” He cannot foresee, and cannot avoid the possible downfalls; the sufferings, the losses, the jarrings of controversy, the defection of friends and the schemes of enemies, which embitter so many lives, and which intervene like a thick and baleful mist between him and the day of his departure. Like abdicating kings and ruined men unknown, he may tire of his life and cry out to be released, or he may live on and on to a time when

“ From Marlborough’s eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.”

But, when to the man of lofty deeds, noble character, and large renown, even in the very vigor of life, the final mandate comes, he, who has thus endured and suffered, wandering amid the smoke and mists of earth, rises at once above our limited empyrean and takes his place once and forever among

“ ————— the dwellers in the Infinite
At home among the stars.”

Then only is he deathless, when his human renown, fixed and unalterable, is rendered lustrous by “the white radiance of Eternity.” And so it is with Hancock. A man with “troops of friends” and no enemies, he had achieved his fame: the world acknowledged it. From the common ground of our Alma Mater, he came forth vigorous in frame, full of energy—not without ambition, but with no special mark of future distinction upon his fair young forehead. Looking neither to the right nor the left,

he marched right onward; no obstacle could withstand him. Stalwart, brave, thoughtful, just, and true, wherever he went he was "the cynosure of neighboring eyes—the observed of all observers." Even in the van he fought and bled for his country, and, when Peace came, the hero became the magnanimous, just, and merciful counsellor—"the Happy Warrior" of the poet—who loved to heal the wounds that he had been pledged and sworn to give with all his soul and might. With no political aspirations, he was proposed by a large constituency for the office of Chief Magistrate of the country—a post which he did not seek, and the failure to obtain which he did not regret. Few additional honors could await him. It was a noble life; a finished record;—an illustrious soldier, a noble man, an honorable gentleman! What more is there to say? Sir, while we still mourn our loss and join our tears with one whose name shall be sacred, let us esteem him more fortunate than Cræsus, in that he was happy in his death. His last public and superb appearance was when he led the Nation to the tomb of Grant. The last funeral he attended was that of his friend McClellan; both illustrious men, with whom he had shared the highest honors of war.

Will you pardon me the infirmity of a life habit, Sir, if I cannot refrain from pointing a moral especially for our younger brethren of the Army? If I have read his life aright, its marked virtue, where no others are wanting, is **CONSTANCY**,—to detail in business, to duty, to conscience, to a consideration of others,—and to that noble profession of arms, of which he was an electric light, and which, guided by justice and judgment, and practised by a virtuous and intelligent people, is the strong outer bulwark of our beloved land.

One word more, and I have done. You will remember one of those epigrammatic sentences of the soldier-historian of the Peninsula, when speaking of a noble death on the battle-field. I use it with slight modification here, as I think of those of our heroes, who, within so brief a period, have been gathered together as they have fallen "in the world's broad field of battle," and as he, the last as yet, takes his place among them, I apply it to Hancock:—"None died with more glory than he, and yet many died, and there was much glory."

*Very faithfully,
H. L. Hunt*

BVT. BRIG.-GENERAL THOMAS M. VINCENT,

ASST. ADJUTANT-GENERAL, U. S. A.

I FIRST met the late Major-General Hancock at West Point, in 1850. He was then a Second Lieutenant in the 6th Infantry, and I was a cadet. The acquaintance then established ripened, through future years, into an intimate friendship, cemented by close association. I last met him, as my guest, in the early part of 1884, at San Antonio, Texas.

In 1856 we met in service in Florida, during the hostilities against the Seminole Indians; and, with the other surviving officers of the Second Artillery, I can attest the pleasant recollections of Hancock, who was the Chief Quartermaster of the District of the Caloosahatchee, and the Depot Quartermaster at Fort Myers. That post was the base and the depot for land and water transportation connected with the operations. A line of military posts, established under the direction of the War Department, extended from Fort Myers to Fort Jupiter, and the water portions of the line embraced the Caloosahatchee River and Lake Okeechoobee. The Indians were to be kept south of the line, and the operations of the troops were for the purpose of removing them from the State. Besides the transportation needed along the cordon, a fleet of metallic barges were used for operations on and from the gulf coast adjacent to the Big Cypress and Everglades.

When Hancock was ordered to report for duty, I was the Adjutant-General of the troops in Florida, composed of regulars and volunteers, then commanded by Colonel John Munroe. The question of supplies had not at that time been simplified by the use of the railroad and telegraph, and the responsibility for the heavy labors of the Quartermaster's Department was important; discretion had to be rested with officers remote from headquarters. But anxiety and concern on the part of the commander of the forces disappeared when he knew that Hancock was to have charge at the base, for he knew him through his Mexican war-service,—at the National Bridge, Plan del Rio, San Antonio, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and the assault and capture of the City of Mexico. Such confidence from an officer who had gained renown in three prior campaigns against the Seminoles, aside from the distinguished services in the Mexican War, and as the Military and Civil Governor of New Mexico, was a compliment which Hancock appreciated, and by which he was

stimulated. His subsequent spheres of duty in the Kansas disturbances, with the Utah forces, and in California, foreshadowed, in an additional manner, the distinction which attached to him through the weightier responsibilities of the war, in which he gained the admiration of both the Union and the Confederate armies.

Hancock's ideal of charity was the "mother whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her beauty in her love." Philanthropy, when apparent as the "vain woman who likes to deck herself out in her good works, and admire herself in the glass," he condemned.

His last words touched tender chords, particularly in the hearts of devoted friends who had witnessed the many beautiful traits of his family life. Near the last solemn moment his heart went out to his devoted wife with that unfinished good-bye! Then it was, to borrow from Chateaubriand, that the remembrance of all relating to War had ceased, the fore-courts of military edifices had been passed, and in the quiet of their rear appeared the image of rest and hope, at the end of a life exposed to a thousand hardships and dangers.

Honest man, faithful citizen, true friend, brilliant soldier,—the golden tablet of thy fame will ever be guarded by your devoted countrymen!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Thomas M. Swaine". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

BVT. MAJOR WILLIAM P. WILSON,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE sudden death of General Hancock was to me a great loss and sorrow. In December, 1862, I was ordered to report to him at Falmouth, Va., for duty as "mustering officer" of the 1st Division, 2d Army Corps. Then, a young and inexperienced lieutenant of volunteers, I can distinctly recall my trepidation on entering his office, and how quickly it was dispelled by his cordial greeting. His considerate kindness at once won my confidence,

which, in five years' service on his personal staff, deepened into love and respect that increased with the passing years, for he honored me with his friendship until the day of his death.

It is not to his almost faultless military reputation that I would bear witness, but rather to those traits of character that bound his friends to him and commanded the respect of all. Eminently just, especially to his subordinates, he never failed to give credit where it was due. Honest, truthful, and without guile himself, he never suspected it in others. Generous to a fault, he never could refuse aid to the needy. Pure-minded and with the highest reverence for woman, every thing savoring of vulgarity was more than distasteful to him. His loyalty to his friends was undoubted and abiding. Could I present to you, to the world, and my own children, but one picture of this illustrious soldier, this man I loved so well, it would be his spotless integrity, and his purity of life.

In what magnificent stead stood him these qualities when he came before the people as a presidential candidate. He, the only one against whose patriotic and blameless record the shafts of partisan malice were never ventured. He needed no Presidency, nor higher title, to round out the fulness of his fame. It is enshrined ineffaceably in the hearts of the American people, and neither monuments nor annals of history will be needed to teach the inheritors of free government that it lost one of its noblest, purest, and most heroic supporters when Winfield Scott Hancock was "gathered to his fathers."



MAJOR E. W. CLARK,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

MORE than twenty years ago it was my privilege to be a member of General Hancock's staff, when Morgan, Mitchell, King, Bingham, Wilson, and Parker, with others, formed the coterie of young men to whom he confided his principal executive work.

If I recall one trait of Hancock's character more than another,

I would name his conscientious devotion to details and his thoroughness in the minutiae of affairs. Nothing seemed too trivial to claim his consideration, and yet he did not magnify the minor things to the exclusion of the weightier matters. His mind seemed happily formed to take in the lesser with the greater; his eye to be equipped with a wonderful sweep for the particulars of a business.

His humanity and largeness of heart also impressed me strongly. I remember when the war was over and the conquered Confederacy lay bleeding and dumb before the country, all its activities dead and its splendid energies paralyzed in the face of the victor, how Hancock's magnanimity shone forth; how his kindly nature met with tender consideration the fears and anxieties of the widow and the orphan. Once the papers in behalf of a woman's claim of compensation, for crops destroyed and supplies confiscated, were mislaid. Then he called the roll of the staff, and no one was permitted to have rest while the rights of the widow of his late foe were held in abeyance.

Hancock was at that period in the fullest development of his physical manhood. He was the very embodiment of the military hero. Of magnificent form and stature; in demeanor calm, firm, resolute, yet courteous; dignified, yet easy; flashing, brilliant, grand, yet withal manly, simple, modest; not posturing to attract the public gaze, yet followed by every eye; moving amidst the throng of his admirers, conscious only of his duty and deeming their plaudits but the approval of the cause he had upheld with arms. In his tolerance toward his enemies, his warmth and fidelity to his friends, his zeal for the public honor, he possessed all the elements to draw to himself the worship of his fellow-men. Clad in the panoply of a noble life and splendid achievements, he stands enshrined in my memory like one of the heroes whose deeds were the themes of the older poets.

In the silent and solemn parade of great military heroes whom the muffled drums upon the farther shore are marshalling to the final roll-call, Hancock's figure is one of the noblest; and upon this side, where await for yet a little while a part of "the innumerable caravan which moves to the mysterious realm," there is no name cherished with affection more sincere, none wept with a sorrow more heart-felt.

Ripe in wisdom as in years, bearing with him the grateful affection of a mighty people, crowned with willing honors by his

country, his brow had received the final diadem, and he but waited for the silver cord to be loosed; when that moment came he passed to the silent land,

" Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."



CAPTAIN W. D. W. MILLER,
LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

IT seems but as yesterday, when I, a young volunteer officer (after the wounding of Gen. B. Richardson, on whose staff I was then serving), reported to Gen. Winfield S. Hancock on the battlefield at Antietam for duty. The acquaintance made under such peculiar circumstances, strengthened by years of service with him as one of his aides-de-camp, has ripened with passing years into a strong friendship, and his death has left a vacancy in my life which can never be filled by another. No commander more fully appreciated the services of his subordinates than Gen. Hancock, none more generous in awarding praise when it was deserved, yet too honest to bestow it when it could not truthfully be given. In his official report he never forgot the good conduct of the orderlies attached to the staff, none were overlooked or forgotten. Gen. Hancock was as just as he was generous; "with malice to none," he was ever willing to make amends when satisfied from sufficient evidence that he had misjudged. He was a man of great industry, marvellous in his attention to detail, and always, as far as possible, exercised a personal supervision over his own orders. He never questioned an order, and with him to receive an order was to obey it; nor did he permit any delay by others in the execution of his own commands.

Gen. Hancock's loyalty was of a phenomenal type. He never swerved a hair's breadth from his sense of duty. No combination of circumstances, no friendship ever influenced him an iota or chilled his high sense of obligation to his country. Let us thank God for so loyal a friend, so loyal a citizen, so loyal a soldier. He

has bequeathed to his family as well as to the Nation an heritage of character which may well be cherished as more precious than gold. For gold perishes, character is eternal. Permit me, in closing, to apply to him his own words, issued in General Orders, March, 1863, upon the receipt of the information of the death of Gen. E. V. Sumner, the First Commander of the First Division, as well as of the Second Corps, viz. : "He was never known to doubt. To know the enemy was in his front, was for him the clarion-call that signalled the advance. In the last fight, only the omnipotent God conquered that stern soul. Entering the Service when still young, he so conducted himself by a strict, inflexible, adherence to his duties and to the observance of the orders of his military superiors that he won their confidence, and thus paved the way for the future great honors heaped upon him. He was no holiday soldier; stern duty had its pleasure for him in a clear conscience. He never failed to obey an order. He was never too late, and he has been rewarded with marked honors in his life, and an imperishable name in history. Imitate his example; and, in paying a last tribute to his memory, let us invoke the name of our Maker that so noble a spirit may be vouchsafed a happy future." Thus spake a soldier of a soldier—fitting words which we now re-echo as we pay this tribute to our departed Chief.

Howe

BVT. COLONEL GEORGE MEADE,

LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT is with extreme regret that I find it impossible to be present at the meeting of the Military Service Institution, to add my tribute of respect to the memory of General Hancock. There will, however, be many present on that occasion, who, perhaps better than I, can do fitting justice to the memory of the deceased. And yet, deeply as I feel this, still more deeply do I feel under obligation to express in such terms as, however unworthy of the theme, I may be able to command, the great respect—both inherited and personally acquired—in which I always held the character of General Hancock. It is, then, from both inher-

ited and acquired liking and respect for General Hancock, so mingled that they are not to be severed in my mind, that I speak reverentially to the memory of the honored dead.

On the very first occasion when I saw General Hancock, the circumstance is so intimately associated with General Meade's admiration of him, that it affords the most fitting introduction to this brief mention. The scene was in camp in 1862, soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, where these two intrepid soldiers, each at the head of his division, had gallantly stormed those terrible hills held by the enemy—Hancock on the right at Marye's Heights, and Meade on the left at Hamilton's Cross-Roads. I was standing near General Meade when General Hancock rode up, and, after exchanging cordial greetings with General Meade, and lingering for a few moments on the spot, dashed away at full speed. His bearing was so striking that it would have prompted any one, ignorant of who he was, to inquire—and I well remember the hearty intonation of voice with which General Meade replied to my question—"Why, don't you know who that is? why, that 's Hancock." These were truly brothers-in-arms. If in the future that lay before them—in the gnawing anxieties of the long-continued civil conflict, their relations, as is sometimes unavoidable in such vicissitudes of life, ever were subject to strain, I feel sure that at bottom their regard for each other as noble spirits, gallant gentlemen, and soldiers suffered no abatement. At least I can answer for General Meade's, and I think that we all would be ready to swear that the noble nature of Hancock would not have permitted his to have changed.

This leads me to add, in the subjoined correspondence, that which is illustrative of the esteem in which these soldiers held each other, and which can find no fitter occasion to be placed permanently on record. In the winter of 1863, shortly after the Mine Run campaign, it was intimated to General Meade that he would probably be relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that his successor might be General Hancock. At that time General Hancock was in Washington, still off duty in consequence of the wound that he had received at Gettysburg. In a letter to General Hancock, dated December 11, 1863, in reply to one from General Hancock stating that he had not lost confidence in him, and that he hoped he would not be relieved, General Meade said: "As this army is at present organized, and as its

commander is now regarded and treated at Washington, its command is not to be desired by any reasonable man, nor can it be exercised with any justice or satisfaction to yourself. While, therefore, I should be glad to see you promoted to a high command as a friend and well-wisher, with my experience I cannot say I could congratulate you if you succeed me. * * * I shall always be glad to see you and hear of your success."

To this letter General Hancock replied on December 21, 1863. After giving the current rumors relative to the command of the army, he said: "I am no aspirant, and I never could be a conspirator, had I other feelings towards you than I possess. I would sooner command a corps under you than have the supreme command. I have faith in you. I would not like to serve under a bad commander. I would rather be out of command. I have always served faithfully, and so I intend to do. I would always prefer a good man to command that army than to command it myself. If I ever command it, it will be given to me as it was to you. I shall never express or imply a desire to command, for I do not feel it. If the command was put upon me, I suppose I would feel and act as you did. * * *"

It is the remembrance of this friendship, maintained at a period when it meant more than good feelings in ordinary times; it is faith in these expressions, drawn forth from a generous nature, added to much else in word and act, that will always ensure, from the descendants of General Meade, the upholding of the fair fame of General Hancock.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "O. O. Meade". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned centrally below the text of General Hancock's letter.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. LAMBERT,
LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

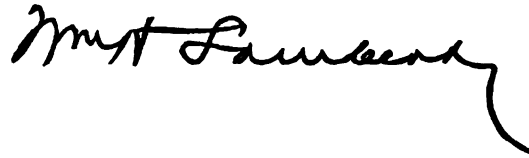
IT was not my fortune to serve under General Hancock during the war, and I knew him best in his association with the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, whose honor it was to have him as its presiding officer. That Order, known to most of you, is composed of officers who served in the war, and seeks to enrol as members only those whose reputation as officers was unsullied,

and who alike, in War and in Peace, have approved themselves gentlemen. The Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania, for six successive years, selected General Hancock to be its chief, as the fittest type of the officer and gentleman its ranks afforded.

In November last, General Hancock revisited the battle-field of Gettysburg for the first time in twenty years. It was my great privilege to be one of his company on that occasion, and to traverse with him the ground so intimately associated with his fame, and to learn anew what history had so well recorded, how large a part he bore in the mighty drama that had been enacted there. In the centre, on the left, and on the right his presence was felt; no part of that field but was impressed by his valor and skill; and if, for nothing else, his name would be immortal because of what he was and what he did during those three momentous days.

But, as has already been said, General Hancock has other claims to renown than his service in the war, in his splendid bearing in the trying years that followed; in his high command at the time when the nation that had survived four years of war was again imperilled; in his candidacy for the Presidency; in all those years occupying conspicuous and responsible station, no act, no word of his, can be pointed to incompatible with his fame, his patriotism, and his duty.

Greater opportunity would but have enhanced his fame; equal to the requirements of every position he attained, he would have fully met the demands of any station in our armies or in the gift of the American people.



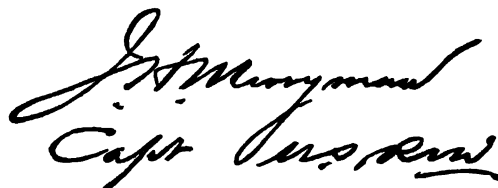
CAPTAIN JAMES H. MERRYMAN,
UNITED STATES REVENUE MARINE.

I AM highly honored in being recognized here as a personal friend of General Hancock.

I first met him on the Pacific Coast many years ago, and well remember the impression made upon my mind by his handsome appearance and engaging manner. It was long afterward when the opportunity came for a closer acquaintance. In the mean-

while he had run his brilliant career in the War of the Rebellion, and his name and fame had been sounded by the voices, or had dwelt in the thoughts, of millions of people. It was not my happy lot to see him as frequently as I desired. But I recall with pleasure, and will ever cherish, those rare occasions of uninterrupted conversation when I listened to his pleasant voice—always soft and low—in unpremeditated discourse upon various interesting matters. In speaking of others he always seemed to regard their interests even more than his own, and to view all matters without partiality, prejudice, or self-seeking. His well-known consideration for the comfort and pleasure of others sprang from that tenderness which belonged to his chivalric nature.

From his own lips I learned how warmly he was attached to his friends, and how he loved "all things, both great and small," "the birds of the air and the beasts of the field," the trees and flowers. Indeed, he was a most lovable gentleman, a true patriot, and the bravest of the brave.



J. H. Montgomery
Capt. U. S. Army

BVT. BRIG.-GENERAL ALEXANDER J. PERRY,


ASST. QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL, U. S. A.

I FIND myself compelled, by the summons of a civil court as witness, in a distant city, to be absent from the Meeting of the Military Service Institution, to be held on the 25th inst., as a testimonial of its appreciation of the character of General Hancock, his services to the country and to the Military Institution; but more especially, perhaps, to bear witness to the sterling qualities of his noble nature.

As my feelings and sentiments are in most perfect accord with the objects of the Meeting, I cannot refrain from expressing to you, the Secretary of the Institution, my very great regret and disappointment in being prevented from joining—at least to the

extent of being present—in these services of friendship and admiration which your meeting is intended to emphasize.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Alex Perry". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large, sweeping "P" and a long, trailing flourish at the end.

COLONEL G. NORMAN LIEBER,
ASSIST. JUDGE-ADVOCATE GENERAL, U. S. A.

I VERY much regret that I shall not be able to attend the Meeting of the Military Service Institution commemorative of Major-General Hancock. Although for the last few years my duties have taken me out of his command, my long service on his staff (at New Orleans, St. Paul, and New York), and the fact that I have served on no other general's staff since serving on his, have impressed upon me the feeling that I have never been entirely removed from the sphere of his individuality. For, to me, as it must have been to all who came in contact with him—his individuality has always been most impressive. How many men are governed by their surroundings, and accept, without much question, certainly without deep scrutiny, other's views! How many men, for instance, are slaves to the newspapers which they read! But General Hancock was, as to all matters depending on sound judgment, a judge to himself; always willing to hear, but never to be led. I know this to be a fact from experience as Judge-Advocate on his staff.

And, having satisfied himself as to the correctness of a conclusion, he was consistent in adhering to it, in the face, sometimes, of strong pressure to the contrary. His views on questions appertaining to the administration of military justice were very decided, and he has left an impression upon that branch of the Service which can never be lost; most of it having already been perpetuated in the books.

What he has accomplished in other fields the country knows. What I wish to do here—as one knowing whereof he speaks—is

to pay this tribute to his memory, that he was ever an unswervingly just judge; never hasty to condemn; rigorously impartial; strictly consistent. If there could be any doubt as to the wonderful impress of such a character upon the discipline of his command, statistics present infallible proof. When General Hancock's great virtues are enumerated, let this one not be forgotten.

My thoughts will be with you on the 25th, and I will at least join with you in deep sorrow for the loss that has befallen the Nation; adding thereto my own individual grief for the loss of one who was always to me the best of friends.

Very sincerely yours,

G. Norman Lieber

MAJOR ASA BIRD GARDINER,

JUDGE-ADVOCATE, U. S. A.

* * * * *

MY long service with Major-General Hancock in the most confidential and intimate relations, both personal and official, makes me realize keenly the loss his staff and the Army and Country have sustained by his sudden decease.

I am persuaded the services will be such as will do honor to the memory of so good a soldier, so kind a husband and father and so sincere a friend.

Asa Bird Gardiner

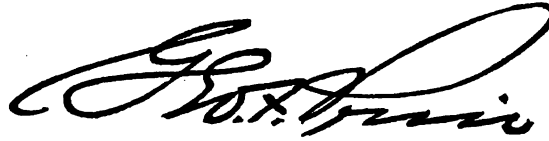
CAPTAIN GEORGE F. PRICE,

FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY.

I REGRET that I cannot be present to offer my tribute of love and respect to the memory of a man who was one of our most illustrious American soldiers; but, if present, not any thing that I could say would add in any degree to the measure of his well-earned fame; his soldierly achievements are a part of the history of the Nation. He was a fearless, peerless soldier; a

superb leader in battle ; and, in all the social relations of life, a genial, accomplished, and dignified gentleman, loved, admired, and honored by all who knew him.

" So blessed of all, he died ; but far more blessed were we
If we were sure to live till we again could see
A man as great in War, as just in Peace as he."



COLONEL G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

* * * * *

NO words can measure the infinite loss which the Country, the Army, and our Association has sustained in this sudden promotion of our chief. No truer gentleman or more gallant soldier ever wore the uniform of the Republic. * * *



LIEUTENANT WALTER F. HALLECK,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT is simply impossible for me to describe my feelings of sorrow upon learning of the death of General Winfield S. Hancock, U. S. Army, and the beloved President of the Military Institution of the U. S. since its organization. I learned to admire him years ago, and think I will not forget his kind and fatherly advice to me, when I was probably the youngest company commander in the Volunteer Service, and for a time in charge of the guard placed over the conspirators during their trial for the assassination of President Lincoln. His humane instructions regarding the treatment of the prisoners, (for it was by his order that

they were permitted to leave their cells for daily exercise and air in the large yard of the old District penitentiary) deeply impressed me.

General Hancock's military career was a spotless one, crowned by respect for civil law and love for his fellow-men without stopping to question as to what section of our country they might be from. When a great soldier with unrestricted power in his hands, to oppress his countrymen, voluntarily foregoes the chance of gratifying ambition, and devotes himself to the duty of building up the liberties and strengthening the laws of his country, he presents an example of the highest virtue that human nature is capable of practising. Such a character was General Hancock. I could in no better manner show my great regard for him than by honoring my youngest boy—now a bright little fellow of four years—with his name. From my knowledge of General Hancock I shall always think of him as the poet describes the true man and soldier :

" The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

He loved his soldiers, and all true soldiers will cherish his memory.

Walter F. Hancock.

BVT.-MAJOR HARRY C. CUSHING,

CAPTAIN FOURTH U. S. ARTILLERY.

* * * * *

GENERAL HANCOCK was a typical soldier and there probably has never been in American military history a general who so completely realized the ideal of a perfect corps commander. What he might have accomplished as an army commander is of course a matter of conjecture, as he never was tried. In the sphere in which he manifested himself, that of the head of a great subordinate corps, it is doubtful if he had his superior in any army, and he ranks with the greatest of Napoleon's marshals. Of an impressive personality, a *man* in every sense of the word, he inspired the soldiers under him with the most unbounded confidence. His military judgment was never at fault,

and he possessed like Marshal Massena, the rare faculty of growing more clear-sighted the hotter the battle raged. In addition to exciting the admiration of those he led he was warmly loved by his subordinates, and his death will be a cause of personal grief to all of them. The country at large has in it sustained a heavy loss, for such men are not lavished on an epoch.



COLONEL SAMUEL B. LAWRENCE,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

HANCOCK, the ideal soldier, was remarkable in the group of illustrious officers of our Army, and we may fairly claim for him qualities the most inspiring in the field and the most attractive in civil and domestic life.

He was lavishly equipped by nature with a handsome figure and noble presence, and a gentleness so sweet and winning that even in the heat of battle, when most aroused, his soldiers charged at his command or followed his gallant lead, fascinated by his chivalric courtesy, calmness, and dignity.

Always the modest hero, never claiming precedence, accepting with diffidence the honors thrust upon him, and ever watchful for the rights of fallen foes, he never gave offence nor left bitter memories. His charity was boundless and matched his nobility. No appeal from the humblest ever went unnoticed, and many revere his name and live comforted by his influence. Knowing him in his daily life was an experience filled with pleasant revelations, and left the image of an exalted type of man worth a life to know and remember as a privilege.

With unblemished record he has entered the Temple of Fame and won the reward—

“Blessed are the pure in heart.”



GENERAL CHARLES A. WHITTIER,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLS.

* * * * *

I AM sure that no one in the Army of the Potomac ever lacked confidence in him ; and, with all his commands and battles, can a higher compliment be paid to a commander? I think that every day since his death I have heard the phrase : "What a superb soldier Hancock was." * * *



BVT. LIEUT-COLONEL JOHN P. NICHOLSON,

UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

MR. CHAIRMAN :—It was my intention when I responded to your invitation to have said a few words expressive of our loss in the gallant soldier and gentleman whose memorial service calls us together, but my heart is too full and the touch of his hand too recent for me to attempt to add any words to the deserved eulogiums that have been passed upon him this evening.

But if I were to single out some one incident connected with his ever great career, I would refer to his arrival upon that memorable historic field with which his name is forever linked. But this has been done by one of Pennsylvania's foremost soldiers, and one to whom was given the great honor of directing the opening infantry fire at the battle of Gettysburg. Therefore, if the letter I read to you is personal, I know that you will pardon me for the great traits of character of the noble man that it depicts.

[Colonel Nicholson then read the following letter from Bvt. Brig.-General J. W. Hofmann, late Colonel 56th Infantry, Pennsylvania Volunteers:]

"Knowing the close personal friendship that existed between our late Commander, General W. S. Hancock, and yourself, I regretted very much my inability to hear all that was said by the companions at the meeting on the evening of the 12th inst., when we were convened to give expression of our sense of the

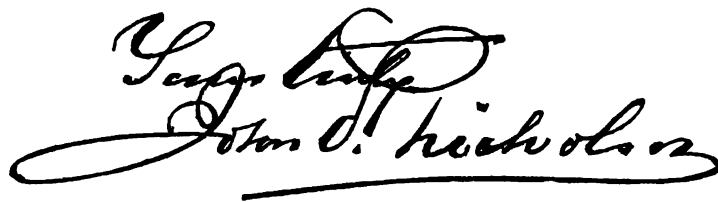
loss of one who had served his country so well, and who won the esteem of his fellow-citizens, regardless of political ties.

"I should have been glad to have added a few words to the eloquent remarks that fell from the lips of others, but there were occasions when their voices were allowed to fall so low that I was unable to distinguish their words, and was thus admonished not to venture, lest my feelings might carry me over ground that had already been, and in fitter terms, referred to. But to you individually, my dear Colonel, it will not matter if such should be the case when I now state, that while I appreciate the eloquent manner in which tribute was paid to the gallant and heroic services of General Hancock on the field of Gettysburg, on the second and third days of the battle, nevertheless, in my judgment, those services, grand and heroic as they were, were but the natural sequence of his noble services on the afternoon of the preceding day.

"You may not be aware of it, but my personal acquaintance with General Hancock dated only from the day when he assumed command of the Loyal Legion. Serving as we did in different corps, and for over a year in the early part of the war in different fields of operations, it came about that my first sight of Hancock was at the moment which might, perhaps with justice, be termed the sublimest moment of his life. It was at the moment when, clothed by Meade, his illustrious chief, with the plenary powers with which he himself had been vested by the highest authority of the Republic—powers, the exercise of which were to place him in antagonism with long-established precedent and universal usage, and all the unpleasantness and difficulties that the innovation might involve ; it was under these circumstances that I first saw Hancock, a moment after he had arrived upon the field to assume command. Not the command of troops in serried ranks bidding defiance to an advancing foe, but the command of troops that had made an heroic fight, and had, nevertheless, been discomfited and were now retiring through the narrow streets of the town, with all the disorganization that such a movement naturally brought with it, coupled with the dispiriting influence wrought by the fact that the field was left in possession of the successful foe. Such were the conditions under which Hancock assumed command. Then it was that his qualities shone forth ! Grasping at once the scene that lay at his feet, as he sat upon his horse, upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge—the bold, inviting topog-

raphy of the surrounding country that had failed to be fully appreciated, or, if appreciated, failed to be fully utilized—the surging mass—the momentous issues that still hinged upon the outcome,—all these were taken in. Then, by his personal directions, and bringing to bear that magnetic influence possessed only by those whose actions on fields of battle have won the hearts of the troops whose lives have been intrusted to their keeping, he proved how justly his chief had judged of his fitness when he sent him forward to assume command. Now, placing confidence in the well-disciplined troops, and resorting to that self-reliance, the factor so essential to success, in a very brief period he wrought order from chaos, then established his troops on those lines where, on the succeeding days, they inflicted those sanguinary repulses upon the enemy—the lines that thenceforth were to remain unbroken—lines that will be pointed to in the most distant future as marking symbolically the foundations of one of the greatest advancements of enlightened ideas, of freedom from oppression, an epoch marking the elevation of the human race, and when all of his compeers in the prolonged and sanguinary contest shall have again joined him, posterity will point to those lines, and render the honors justly due to the name of the heroic Hancock."

The above is a true copy from General Hofmann's letter.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John C. Nichols". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

CAPTAIN GREENLEAF A. GOODALE,
TWENTY-THIRD U. S. INFANTRY.

RETURNING to-day from leave of absence, I find your invitation to attend Meeting of Institution this evening, held in memory of that noble commander, our beloved Hancock. It would have given me a sad pleasure to have been with you. For many months I was an enlisted man in the "6th Maine," in the brigade which was General Hancock's first command in the

late war. And certainly after Williamsburg, if not before, the brigade believed that whatever General Hancock ordered was exactly right. I don't think that feeling dated from Williamsburg either. When he was assigned to the command of Richardson's division (2) of the 2d Corps, we felt a personal loss.

His sudden death has been a great shock to the few hundred survivors of that brigade.

G. A. Goodale

BRIG.-GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON,

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I FIRST met the Great Captain, in honor of whose memory we are now assembled, near the spot where he died, in the autumn of 1861; and I saw him for the last time early in January, 1886, when he seemed to be in good health, and bore himself in his usual gracious and courteous manner, and his fine face brightened with that beautiful smile his friends remember so well. Within those twenty-five years, although never serving with or under him in the War of the Rebellion, chance threw us frequently together in society, more particularly during the dozen years that he was in command of the Division of the Atlantic, and stationed at New York City and on Governor's Island.

He was certainly, in his uniform, among the grandest figures that I ever gazed upon, and always associated in my mind with Gen. Winfield Scott, whose name he bore, and that majestic Missourian, Col. Doniphan, who, early in the Mexican War, made one of the most marvellous marches on record.

Two recent occasions when I saw the Knight of the Northern Armies, was while leading that magnificent procession to the grave of our greatest soldier; and when, a few months later, he walked sadly by the side of the mortal remains of his loved commander, McClellan.

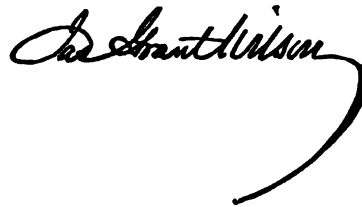
General Hancock was a pure and loyal patriot. Neither political nor personal preferences ever induced him to depart in the slightest degree from the faithful discharge of his duty. Although always a Democrat and a warm admirer of McClellan, he advocated Lincoln's re-election in 1864, and rendered an equally hearty

support to McClellan's successors in the command of the Army of the Potomac. What he might have achieved had he, in place of Burnside or Hooker, been assigned to the head of that grand old Army, would work but an idle and useless speculation.

There are, however, those who believe that Hancock would have won better results than those brave but unsuccessful commanders.

Can I better conclude this brief tribute than in the words applied to Cavaignac, by the Censor of the age, Thomas Carlyle? "A fine Bayard soul, with figure to correspond, a man full of seriousness and with genial gayety withal; of really fine faculties, and of a politeness which was curiously elaborated with punctiliousness, which yet sprang from frank nature. A Republican to the bone, but a Bayard."

Pure and lofty Patriot, great and gallant Soldier, good and faithful Friend, Farewell!



THE HONORABLE EGBERT L. VIELE, M.C.,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

IT was impossible to know Hancock, even slightly, without becoming his personal friend. His frank urbanity captivated all with whom he came in contact. I knew him as a cadet—tall, lithe, manly, with a kind word and genial smile for all. He was as well known to one class as to another. In fact, the characteristic feature of West Point life is that all the classes are more or less assimilated. Unlike other institutions of learning, where the Senior may never know the existence of a Junior, and the former may come and go without ever being seen by the latter,—the Cadet Battalion brings all classes together at drill and parade; and so Hancock's handsome form and soldierly bearing were known to all, and all knew him to be what he always was—a brave and loyal soldier, a true and loyal friend. No field-marshal of France, in the palmyest days of her military glory, ever won or wore greener laurels than Hancock, "The Superb." But it was in the too short years of his later life that there gathered about

him by an instinctive impulse a host of loving friends—friends who, themselves, will feel, until the hour they also shall pass from earth, that they have lost in him one who was closer than a brother. The American people had for him a sincere and unaffected admiration that was undoubtedly greater than that inspired by any other soldier of the war; while his promptness to recognize the supremacy of the civil power in the administration of civil affairs will never be forgotten, and, in times to come, the lovers of civil liberty will point to it as one of the brightest of his well-earned laurels—a man

“ Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Or paltered with Eternal God for power.”



MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD L. MOLINEUX,
NATIONAL GUARD S. N. Y., LATE U. S. V.

I REGRET my inability to attend the Memorial Service this evening.

As a volunteer officer I cannot speak from personal knowledge of General Hancock's achievements in the field. But like many others who never came within the immediate sphere of his influence as a commander, I have been strongly impressed with his unswerving faith in the fighting capacity of his men.

General Hancock, at least, never despaired of the Republic even in the darkest hours of civil strife. He trusted, with the strength of his chivalrous and generous nature, the ability of the American people to work out their own destiny on the lines marked out for them, and he maintained a serene confidence in the successful issue of the great struggle in which he bore so noble, so faithful, a part.

The citizen soldiery of the State of New York owe him a debt of lasting gratitude for his unfailing readiness to lend all the influence he possessed, to promote their military training and increase their efficiency. He cordially recognized the value of the National Guard, as he did that of every movement springing from and sustained by the American people.

As his associate in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, I can

testify to his solicitous regard for all that concerned the dignity and self-respect of the officer. A model of high-bred courtesy, dignified affability, and manly sense of right and justice, he presented a type of soldierly character equally fitted to inspire attachment and command respect. Hancock's influence was a restraint and corrective of every thing mean or base. It will *live* with those in whom his noble qualities provoked imitation, and the impression of his frank and sympathetic nature be left on all who had the privilege of knowing him.

His name will live in history, his virtues abide in the hearts of his friends.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Edward L. Molinex". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, prominent "E" and a long, sweeping tail on the "x".

BRIG.-GENERAL GEORGE W. WINGATE,
LATE NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.

HIGH as was the estimation in which General Hancock was held by all classes of the community, it could not surpass the respect and esteem that was entertained for him by the National Guard, and particularly by those officers and men belonging to it who have been interested in rifle practice, and in the National Rifle Association.

General Hancock was always interested in all that concerned the welfare of the National Guard, and those seeking to advance its efficiency ever found in him a wise counsellor and a warm friend.

He was one of the first to see the importance of rifle shooting and the military value of Creedmoor, and he did all in his power to aid both.

The "Hilton trophy," which has been so often struggled for by the best shots of the Army and of the National Guard, will always be a monument to his memory, for it was obtained through his personal application to Judge Hilton.

The circumstances under which he became President of the National Rifle Association showed at once the interest he felt in the institution and his self-sacrificing character. The State administration had been inimical to rifle shooting, the number of riflemen had decreased, and the prospects of the association were gloomy,

General Hancock had been that year a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and was one of the foremost men in the country. We went to him, stated the situation, and assured him that if he would become the head of the National Rifle Association it would be of incalculable service to it. With characteristic chivalry he said that if the association was prosperous he would not think of accepting, but if it was not, and really needed his help, he was at its service. He was elected, and for a year faithfully fulfilled the duties of its President, and by so doing enabled it to extricate itself from its precarious position.

This service was one which I, for one, shall never forget. But it was but one of many for which the National Guard and the National Rifle Association will long revere the memory of Winfield S. Hancock.

Geo. A. Guymat

BRIG.-GENERAL HORATIO C. KING,

LATE NATIONAL GUARD, S. N. Y.

I CAN add but a few words to the universal tribute of respect for the noble man and brilliant soldier who has so suddenly passed away. Few public men held so deep a place in the affections of the whole people. As I have already said in substance on another occasion, he was in the highest degree one of nature's noblemen—a magnificent type of that substantial, un-inherited American aristocracy, which, on the field of battle as well as in times of peace, has won the respect of the whole world. He is a grand exponent of the possibilities open to every boy in the land, no matter how humble his origin. Like the great chief-tain for whom he was named, he was magnificent in stature, soldierly in carriage, a typical commander of men; as prompt to obey as he was exacting in obedience to his orders.

Devoid of personal fear, he dared to follow where any one would lead on—to lead where any one would follow, even to the very gates of death. Genial in manner, courteous, and of unswerving loyalty and integrity, he will ever linger in my memory as one of the first gentlemen of America.

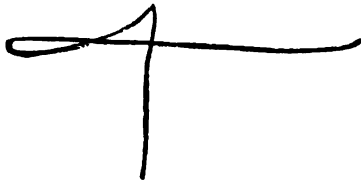
Of the widespread feeling of personal grief at his death, let

me speak a moment. I reached Cincinnati in the evening of February 9th, just after the sad announcement had been flashed over the wires. I went to attend the annual meeting of the Ohio Commandery of the Loyal Legion, to which hundreds had gathered from all parts of the country. Extensive preparations had been made, but the solemn sadness which affected all, precluded a general festivity, and the occasion was adapted to the common feeling, and Hancock's name was on every lip.

In the difficult and trying positions occupied by General Hancock in the South after the war—during the period of reconstruction, when party spirit ran high—he so conducted the delicate duties of his office as to assuage the passion and to command the respect and approval of men of all shades of political opinion. It was not surprising, then, that, later on, the Democratic party, with singular unanimity, fixed upon him as their leader in the presidential contest in 1880. I cannot recall a nomination which was received with greater satisfaction than his, and, had the question been at once submitted to the people, I believe he would have been elected by an overwhelming majority. So pure was his personal and official record that no one dared to attack it, and the weapons used by his opponents were those of ridicule based upon words which he never uttered. * * * The manner with which he bore his defeat was characteristic of the man, and for months after the result was announced, he declined to accept invitations to public ceremonies, banquets, and the like, lest it might be inferred that he desired to pose as a martyr. He was throughout the campaign and afterwards the same frank, straightforward, earnest, honest, courageous, and imperturbable hero and citizen.

One by one the grand figures of the greatest war of modern times are passing away, but their deeds will be remembered forever by a grateful people. Hancock—the superb, patriot, hero, and gentleman—we salute thee. Hail, and Farewell!

Horatio C. King



HANCOCK.

By CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

I SAW a spark from Freedom's altar flung ;
Fate slowly nurtured, favoring breezes blew ;
I marked how, fed by kindly use, it grew,
Till o'er the scene, a lambent flame, it hung.
When Tempest clamored with her iron tongue
And scattering whirlwinds tore the trembling blue,
I watched it swell, and glow with carnate hue,
Till, strife devoured, I heard the psalm sung.
Transformed once more, I viewed that quenchless light
A ray along the rocky path to peace,
A beacon set, for feet had wandered far.
Again I looked and deemed it endless night.
Ah ! no ! that steadfast radiance could not cease,
Immortal now, a never-fading star.

Chas. F. Benjamin
Feb 25, 1886.

THE HONORABLE SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
OF NEW YORK.

I HAVE the honor to receive your note enclosing an invitation of "The Council of the Military Service Institution," to attend the meeting at Governor's Island on Thursday February 25, 1886, at 8 P.M., at which General Wm. F. Smith will read a paper upon the "Life and Services of Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock."

It is with much regret that I am obliged to deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of being personally present on that interesting occasion.

I cordially join in the homage which the whole people render to the dashing bravery and consummate abilities of the superb soldier whom the country has lost in the death of Hancock.

His comrade, General Smith, will so truly appreciate his military qualities and services and his patriotic devotion, that it would be in vain for me to attempt to add to his expression of the sentiments of his companions-in-arms, and of the general public.

Tendering you the assurances of my high consideration,

I remain your fellow-citizen,

S. J. Tilden

BVT. BRIG.-GENERAL JOHN JACOB ASTOR,
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I SINCERELY regret that it is not in my power to be present at the meeting to be held on the 25th inst., in honor of General Hancock's memory, and it is a grateful satisfaction to my own regard for him to comply with your request, that I should, in this brief form, offer a personal tribute to his excellence.

During the period of my brief service with the Army of the Potomac, in the years 1861 and 1862, I had, as a member of General McClellan's staff, many opportunities of meeting General Hancock.

My first impressions of him—and these were of the most agreeable character—have never been disturbed; and, as the intervening

years held for me still more of opportunity, a better acquaintance could only increase my respect for him and my admiring regard.

His chivalrous qualities, his courage and achievements in the field, his faithfulness, his fine integrity, the modesty of his carriage,—all these touched the ideal that we cherish and love to apply to a true American patriot and soldier.

— Such an example, making his memory dear to those who knew him, cannot fail in its influence; in the challenge that it gives to those who shall follow him to seek honor where he found it, in the way of a loyal and faithful service, and of a noble personal rectitude.

J. J. Astor
Bot Brig: Genl U.S. Vol

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS, ESQ.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE fact that General Wm. F. Smith is to read a paper on "The Life and Services of General Hancock" gives me a strong desire to attend the Council of the Military Service Institution on the evening of the 25th inst., but it so happens, to my regret, that I cannot attend.

General Smith (like yourself and some other of his Army associates) knew the great soldierly and manly qualities of General Hancock so well, that he can do justice to them in the soldier's direct, forcible, and impressive way, and better than any except the best-equipped civilian, historical, or biographical writer can do.

Expressing my own view of General Hancock, I regard him as having been as near the perfect type of a thorough soldier as any one can be; as able a general, up to the full extent of the opportunities of the responsible commands entrusted to him, as our country has produced; as heroic and brilliant as any among the distinguished lieutenants of the great military commanders of his-

tory; and, above all, as among the most dutiful in prompt and full obedience, and valuable in the results achieved in executing the orders of his chief. He had the quick eye of the born general to see a military advantage and the quick hand of the administrative soldier to seize it.

Few soldiers have combined more thoroughly than Hancock the brilliant qualities of Murat or Lannes on the one side and the highly serviceable qualities of steadiness and persistence of Macdonald or Desaix on the other. He knew "the value of ministers" in executing military orders in the field, and what he was directed to do he did, and where he was ordered to be he was, at the precise time.

He was a soldier, too, who understood two cardinal principles in the ruling of great matters in the affairs of nations, one of which is too often forgotten. While he knew it must happen at times that the civil laws have to be held in abeyance in the midst of war, he also knew and practised the other high principle of restoring the supremacy of the civil law the moment war was done.

The broad and deep hold General Hancock had upon the affections of his countrymen was shown in the spontaneous genuineness and almost universality of the tributes of homage paid to his services and his character, immediately, when the intelligence of his death was announced.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Geo W Childs", with a large, stylized flourish underneath.

AUGUST BELMONT, ESQ.,
OF NEW YORK.

I HAD hoped until to-day to be able to profit by your kind invitation to attend the Meeting of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, this evening, but to my sincere regret am compelled to forego that honor. I am suffering from a severe cold, and my doctor will not permit me to go out in the evening.

I was proud to count the deceased hero and patriot among my most honored and esteemed friends.



JOSEPH W. DREXEL, ESQ.,
OF NEW YORK.

I REGRET, exceedingly, my inability to be present at the Meeting of the Council of the Military Service Institution to-morrow; nothing that will there be said but will find an echo in my heart when I shall read that which it is not in my power to hear.

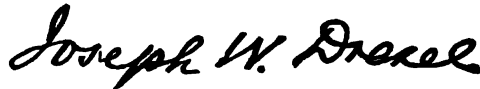
The history of General Hancock is his noblest monument; his modest, unassuming bearing, his honesty of purpose, his purity of mind, all marked him as a man among men.

Of no one can it better be said:

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him save to praise."

Deeply sympathizing with the Institution in its great loss,

Yours most respectfully,



ANTHONY J. DREXEL, ESQ.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

I HAVE received the invitation to be present at the Meeting to be held on Thursday next at the rooms of the Military Service Institution in honor of General Hancock.

I regret very much that it will be impossible for me to attend, otherwise I would gladly embrace the opportunity, thus offered, to

testify my appreciation of the character of the great soldier and irreproachable *gentleman* whose loss we now mourn.

Faithfully yours,



THE HONORABLE GEO. PEABODY WETMORE,
GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND.

* * * * *

I NEVER met him without being impressed by his noble nature. I can never forget his equanimity and his generous bearing, as well as the enthusiasm it occasioned at Garfield's inauguration in 1881.



THE HONORABLE JOHN R. BRADY,
OF NEW YORK.

IT would be presumptuous in me in this assembly of veterans to expatiate even briefly upon the military prowess of General Hancock, but it cannot be unbecoming to express my appreciation of the great service he rendered to the Nation by his efforts to preserve and to perpetuate it one and indivisible. From the citizen's standpoint this thought must ever keep his memory fresh and green, as it should the memory of every man who in the hour of peril stepped to the front *pro patria*. "With malice towards none and with charity for all," I cannot, if I would, reject the deep sense of gratitude I feel for all these champions—these defenders of that flag which was designed to float and will float

forever over a brotherhood of States, united irrevocably by a compact which shall never be broken.

His death was an event most unexpected and created a profound sensation. Indeed there are few men whose sudden demise would be more sorrowfully felt. His splendid physique, giving him a commanding presence, seemed the embodiment of life—the very antithesis of death—so impressive that none thought of his going out upon the dark waters when “Peace was tinkling from the shepherd’s bells.” For such men we have no thought but of life, no suggestion of a last resting-place; and when the blow came—knowing nothing of his illness—I was indeed surprised and grieved in common with multitudes of my fellow-citizens who loved him.

I knew the General well. My acquaintance with him began and continued under most agreeable social realizations. There was a charm about him which was distinguishing and captivating. We sometimes discover in the social realm persons whose coming exalts the occasion in which they are to take part and who unconsciously, by what occult power I know not, affect most agreeably those into whose presence they are ushered. I think General Hancock possessed this attribute. His dignity, which was most impressive, had for its ally a charming *bonhomme* born of high breeding, culture, and a varied experience. And these elements were so blended and yet so distinctive that the soldier was never lost in the contemplation of the the man, and you felt even at the festive board, notwithstanding his genial and attractive manner, that the beaded bubbles winking at the brim which for the moment engaged his attention, could be changed in the twinkling of an eye into the din of battle if the occasion should arise—out of the glare of the banquet the soldier could step, cool, collected, prepared. This rare combination always presented itself to me, whether I met him accidentally or by design; and no matter how jocular or sedate our conversation might be, I felt that I was talking to a dignified soldier—one born to command—conscious of his responsibilities and ready to assume them at a moment’s notice. Thus the man and the officer—the commanding general and the clever man of the world, hearty of speech, cheery in manner, kindly, benevolent, and appreciative—marched along life’s way hand and hand together, faithful and true. I recognized in him the gentleman by instinct whom the rigor of military discipline did not subvert—the ruler without presumption—the soldier without bravado—

the patriot without fanaticism. And I recall him as one who has contributed not only to the pleasures of my own life, but given to the American youth an illustration of what may be accomplished by honorable bearing, by patriotic devotion, by a faithful discharge of duty.

COLONEL JOHN HAY,
LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

I REGRET sincerely that it will not be in my power to attend the Meeting on the 25th which is called to do honor to the memory of General Hancock. No soldier in all our history has better earned the love and the gratitude of the Republic. His bright example of valor and devotion to duty should not be permitted to fade from the memory of his fellow-citizens. It belongs to those who served with him, and who witnessed, on so many glorious fields, his splendid courage, his coolness and fertility of resource in trying emergencies, the high and joyous spirit with which he inspired his troops in the midst of danger and death,—to draw for the benefit of coming generations of Americans a correct portrait of this incomparable soldier. The young officers of the future need desire no better model, to fashion themselves upon, than that presented in the character and life of General Hancock.

Yours faithfully,

COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT,
LATE UNITED STATES ARMY.

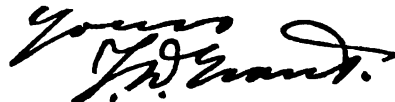
I DEEPLY regret that absence from New York will prevent my attending the Memorial Meeting at the Military Service Institution to-morrow.

My own words could but poorly express the admiration I felt for the distinguished and gallant officer we now mourn; but I should have appreciated the opportunity to listen to the eulogies which will be bestowed upon his memory by your society.

My father's family will cherish in highest respect and admiration the memory of General Hancock. They will ever feel the deepest gratitude for, and warmest appreciation of, his tender and last attentions to General Grant.

Hoping that you will convey to the Members of the Military Service Institution my thanks for their remembrance of me in thus giving me the opportunity to add to theirs, my expressions of sorrow and sympathy upon the loss of General Hancock,

I am sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Yours F. D. Grant."

REVEREND EDWARD H. C. GOODWIN,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. H.

I THINK I cannot add to the eloquent tributes paid to General Hancock by those familiar with his military career, to which we have been listening; but I am glad to have the opportunity of saying a word or two about him on points that have not been touched upon by any of those who preceded me.

In the first place, of his equanimity under good and ill fortune. My acquaintance with him began not very long before the opening of the presidential campaign in which he had so much at stake. I saw him almost daily, while the prospect of success brightened until it seemed as if he had only to put forth his hand to take the highest prize this world can offer, and afterward, in the revulsion from this exalted hope to the certainty of defeat,

and throughout, he displayed that essential element of true greatness, perfect equanimity.

As a minister of the Gospel of Peace, I have, perhaps, been brought into contact with Gen. Hancock in a way different from others who have spoken. During the time that he was in command on Governor's Island, I had often to appeal to him in cases of distress—cases in which a clergyman might appeal in behalf of others,—and I can say that never did I appeal to him without enlisting his sympathies; never once without securing—if it were possible to give it—his aid.

By the general consent of you who are so much better qualified to form an opinion upon that subject than I am, no name of those made honorable by the late war, stands higher than that of Gen. Hancock. But Peace has her honors not less great, perhaps more enduring, than War. I look back into the past, and see a single act of generosity on the battle-field, remembered far above all else, that enrolled the name of Philip Sidney; and so, I think, it will be with Gen. Hancock. I believe that the fullest, truest, most fitting eulogy of Gen. Hancock is not spoken here to-night, in this little gathering—this handful of his military companions, his personal friends, his equals,—but that in the homes and hearts of thousands all over this honored land, the remembrance of kind words and generous acts will keep his memory green when his military fame shall have faded.



THE HONORABLE BENJAMIN H. FIELD,
OF NEW YORK.

I REGRET that my more than threescore years and ten, as well as a severe cold, will prevent my acceptance of your invitation to hear the paper of General W. F. Smith (late of the U. S. Army) upon the life and services of Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, but I shall be with you in spirit.

Major-General Hancock followed closely in the footsteps of the immortal Washington. He was the statesman, the soldier,

the patriot, the Christian, and the lover of all mankind. In the language of Halleck :

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

A bronze bust of him should be in every historical society, every public and private library, throughout the land he loved so dearly and served so long and well.

Truly yours, etc.,



GEORGE SMALL, ESQ.,
OF BALTIMORE.

I KNOW nothing of the public career of General Hancock, except what is history already. For more than twenty years, however, it was my fortune to be honored by his friendship, and I cannot forego the opportunity of offering an humble tribute to the qualities which graced his private life and made men love him. My personal recollections of our intercourse, delightful as they are to me, are mainly of the sort which a man had rather cherish as his own than share even with his friends. I will only say, therefore, what I can say with truth and knowledge, that the side of his character which the world saw least of, was a noble and fitting counterpart of those heroic traits which won the admiration of his countrymen, and shine in his renown.

Very respectfully yours,



THE HONORABLE EDWARD S. BRAGG, M. C.,
CHAIRMAN MILITARY COMMITTEE.

I HASTEN to acknowledge your letter as soon as I have discovered it, although too late for practical purposes, in order that you may see that I did not allow to pass coldly by, unnoticed, a meeting in honor of one of the men whom I respected most highly both for his military and civic services.



REVEREND HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D.,
OF NEW YORK.

I GREATLY regret that absence from the city will prevent my attendance at the Military Service Institution, to hear the paper on the Life and Services of Major-General Hancock, whose memory will be precious to his countrymen to the end of Time.



THOMAS B. MUSGRAVE, ESQ.,
OF NEW YORK.

SOME few years ago Gen. Hancock visited me at Mt. Desert. In the early morning, following his arrival, his old orderly, who had walked twenty-five miles in the night, rapped on my cottage door and asked if Gen. Hancock was within. I replied that he was. He said: "Tell the General that Malone is here." After talking over with him the many incidents of battles from Yorktown to Gettysburg the old soldier bade him good-by. Gen. Hancock said in parting, and, I thought, with a little sadness: "Malone, since those war days we old soldiers have little influence and little money, but here is my walking-stick. God bless you! I am glad you have got a home." No one could but be impressed with his great, kindly nature as he addressed him.

This was the first time that I ever heard Gen. Hancock speak of the incidents of the war ; the last was when, a little more than three months since, I revisited Gettysburg with him and his staff. In the kind letter of invitation he sent me, he said : " Bring your little boy, Percy, with you, it will be of interest to him." And it was of great interest to all of us—our wandering over that field and his recital of what took place on the day of the battle.

In returning home he said to me : " Your boy will remember what has been said when we have passed away."

Now I have read upon an urn, that contained the heart of one of the great men of France, this inscription : " His heart is here, his soul is everywhere " ; and so it will always be of Gen. Hancock ; the motives and the kindly impulses of his heart will always dwell with the Members of the Institution at Governor's Island, but his soul will be everywhere in this land in its influences for love of country and chivalric bravery. But it has always seemed to me that the most fitting tribute that can be paid to his memory, is in words expressed by Abraham Lincoln upon the battle-field of Gettysburg : " The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated this field (and I will add, themselves) far above our power to add or detract, and while the world will little note nor long remember what we say here, it can never forget what they did." Our words will soon be forgotten, but the fame of Gettysburg and General Hancock is imperishable.



WILLIAM H. PENDER, ESQ.,

MURPHYVILLE, TEXAS.

* * * * *

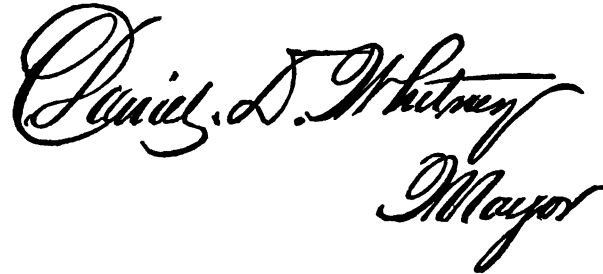
GENERAL HANCOCK was the noblest, purest, and best of them all.



THE HONORABLE DANIEL D. WHITNEY,
MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.

THERE is no necessity of expressing, anew, the depth of sorrow we all feel at the loss of the heroic soldier who for so many years lived within, what may be called, an integral portion of the city of Brooklyn.

Winfield Scott Hancock's glory is a part of the history of the Nation, and his virtues are inscribed imperishably in the affections of those who revere the grand sacrifices the old veterans made for an undivided country.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Daniel D. Whitney" followed by "Mayor" on a second line.

THE REVEREND JOHN R. PAXTON, D.D.,
OF NEW YORK.

THEY buried, yesterday, my old commander—the ideal soldier—the pure patriot—the noblest man—the stainless name—gentle as a woman, with a voice low and caressing as Love, in the camp and at the fireside, but heroic as Cid, and with a voice of thunder, in the battle, to inspire and command. And I shall see his face no more. But, while life lasts, he will live in my memory, admiration, and love, as the grandest figure I ever saw. “I once saw Washington,” said Chateaubriand, “but that once was enough. The sight inspired me for life.” For three years I followed him—from Fredericksburg to Appomattox—my hero, lofty and superb. My heart is sad to-day. The world is emptied, the country poorer in patriots, but richer in treasured memories and immortal names. Glorious Hancock—countryman—comrade in arms! I see you now at Gettysburg, thrilling me with the accents of command. I see you in the Wilderness, inspiring me with your dauntless courage. My romance—my hero—my leader

—loved with a love passing that of woman—farewell! God rest his soul! And on his tombstone write "He did what he could" for his country, his God, and truth. And he died poor, but left to his country a stainless name, an unblotted record, an immortal memory.

John A. Paken

THE REVEREND HENRY M. BOOTH,
OF ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

* * * * *
GENERAL HANCOCK'S career was one of unusual honor. He was a model soldier. The country owes him a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. I regret that I cannot go to this service and express by my presence my estimate of the gallant officer. * * *

Henry M. Booth

ALFRED TRUMBLE, ESQ.,
OF NEW YORK.

IT is the misfortune of the professional soldier in this country to be a man apart. The absence of those continually recurring opportunities for the exercise of his genius and his valor, which are afforded by the foreign complications and the colonial wars of England and France, renders him a shadowy figure to the selfish and hurrying crowd. The people know that he exists, but where or how is a question of small moment to them. Experience has demonstrated that he will be found at his post when the emergency for which he exists arrives, and that is enough for them.

The vehicles for publicity afforded by the press to the pettiest politicians are denied the warrior who fights the battles of which they reap the peaceful victories. The pigmy dictator of a city ward, who never loses an opportunity for beating his own penny drum, is a more momentous personage in the vulgar eye than the Great Captain whom the thunder of cannon heralds

to victory—until the cannon give voice. They have been silent with us so long that the Great Captain, who has just answered the last roll-call, passed over to the army of phantoms little more than a phantom himself to the throng whom his strong arm had been reached out to guard.

To those who knew him, or whose fortune it was to come in personal contact with him, however, General Winfield Scott Hancock was the type and flower of the American soldier. The dignity of command sat perfectly upon him, for the simplicity and sincerity of his nature robbed it of arrogance and gave it a grace that was all his own. His majestic presence and his stately carriage were as much a part of the man as of the soldier, and they bore the livery of the nation he gave grandeur to with the unaffected and unconscious naturalness of a man to whom it belonged by right of birth. It fitted him, it was as integral a part of him as his lofty soul, which no stain could touch, as his brave and generous heart, which beat for his country, and for his countrymen and his loved ones, before it throbbed for himself. If such a man had passed away in a civic office, as a great citizen and a leader of citizens in the battle of the polls, he would have left behind him a life all naked and bristling with interest to the public eye. Departing as a soldier and a leader of soldiers, whose later career had been obscured by the placid platitudes of Peace, his fame had become a charge of the public memory, never, alas! too grateful when gratitude is not made a national obligation.

In his profession, however, his fame remains for all time a blazing beacon light to guide the newer comers, in the path he trod, to future conquests over themselves and others. A great French statesman once said: "It is as much what the example of a great man does for posterity as what he does for the present that renders him a blessing or a curse." The flash of the unsullied sword that the hand of death has grasped will light the pages of history, and gleam with an inspiring fire, in the great wars which must inevitably come to us when we grow arrogant with the prosperity won for us by the great wars that have been. The hand that wielded it so well has relaxed its grasp upon the hilt, worn by long and honorable service; it has passed into the grip of a conqueror who wins all his battles, and who may break the tarnished and worthless sceptre of the tyrant, but whose might is powerless to shatter the stainless brand of the hero.

The puppets of power, creatures of clay pranked out with the

baubles of hollow magnificence, fall to dust and are whirled by the strong blast of storms into oblivion. They were, by the acts of others; they cease to be, when the hands which upheld them are removed. But the man and the hero stands immovable, a monument to himself through all the ages. It is the most perishable part of Winfield Scott Hancock that the death drums have led upon its last march: that which remains is what nor Death nor Time can assail—his name and his fame.

Alfred Trumble.

LIEUT.-GENERAL CHARLES P. STONE,

LATE CHIEF OF STAFF, EGYPTIAN ARMY.

I DO not presume, in five minutes in speaking of General Hancock, to do him justice. I knew him from 1841 to the day of his death. I have no words to express my appreciation of him in every respect as soldier, as man, as gentleman, as friend, And it is almost a waste of words (for whatever we may say, whatever has been said to-night, it is only the expression of each one of his old comrades and friends, and of each individual of the people of the United States), but never, it seems to me, has there been a more complete unanimity of expression of opinion, and it all comes to the same words,—model Soldier, model Gentleman, model Man. We can say no more.



ALLEN C. REDWOOD, ESQ.,

LATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

IN the recent Water-Color Exhibition was a little picture painted by one of my friends—a veteran soldier, as well as an accomplished artist,—to which a peculiar interest attaches at this time. It represents a Confederate infantryman, a well-characterized figure, clad in home-spun brown jeans, philosophi-

cally smoking a pipe, in an interval of the action indicated by the background figures, while he scrutinizes the badge upon a hat which he has picked up for solution of his query: "Who 's in our front?" To judge from the gravity of his expression, the answer is not reassuring, and close observation reveals to the initiated that the bit of flannel in which the soldier's interest centres is the device of Hancock's Corps—the clover-leaf.

These little scraps of red, or blue, or white, were significant of much, as we learned to read them aright. The Army of Northern Virginia first saw them at Chancellorsville, where we, of Jackson's Corps, encountered Howard's crescent and the lozenge of Sickles. But it was not until that memorable afternoon of July 3d, at Gettysburg, that we met the men whose cap-fronts bore the trefoil badge, staunchly guarding the position which the wise foresight of their own commander had chosen. The world knows the story of that encounter; how the pick and flower of Lee's army—"that incomparable infantry," as Swinton calls it—surged up against Hancock's front, while two hundred cannon netted the air above and about them with lines of fire; how Kemper, then Garnett, went down in the track of that bloody advance, and gallant Armistead fell across the gun his men had reached but could not hold. It was in that hot grapple that we came to know and to respect the valiant soldier whom we have just laid away, and the sentiment, then and there inculcated, broadened and deepened as the chance of war developed more of his quality. The experience of the succeeding campaign revealed the fact that he was no less formidable in attack than in resistance—as the story of the "Salient" at Spottsylvania attests. In that same summer, it was my fortune to pass over a part of the Wilderness field, a country then almost literally populated with dead. In the dense woods bordering the Orange Plankroad, the clover-leaves lay thick—an aftermath of the dread harvest reaped there on the 6th of May.

But we come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. In a few weeks more the man-child, whose eyes first saw the light in the springtime when the Army of Northern Virginia stacked its muskets and furled its smoke-grimed and tattered battle-flags forever, will have reached man's estate. The eminent figures of that old time are, one by one, passing from among us. The last of the commanders of the Army of the Potomac has gone upon the retired list; of Lee's trusted lieutenants but one remains. It is fit

that the rancors and passions born of that bitter travail should be laid to rest ; that those of us who were actors in the great drama should look back upon its stirring scenes only to recall the heroism and devoted self-sacrifice they evoked, and to glory in that heritage as a common possession. And while I cannot testify of personal knowledge to those noble and endearing traits which bound General Hancock so closely to his comrades and associates, there is yet one small tribute which a fighting acquaintance with him permits me to offer to his memory, in this, that the symbol of his corps, when we saw it "in our front," held always one meaning—that there was stern, earnest soldier-work cut out for us.

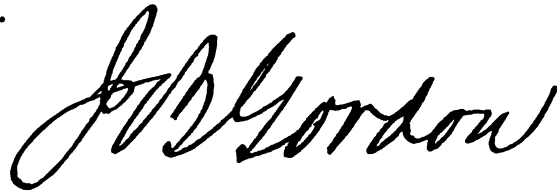


GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON,
LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR.

IT is a sad but greatly-prized privilege to unite with the friends of General Hancock in paying tribute to his memory. In uniting with his friends, we unite with the entire body of his countrymen. What section, what State, what home, but contains the friends of this great soldier? How shall we number or classify them? The brave men who followed his standard and shared with him the dangers and the glories of the field, and the equally brave men who confronted him in battle and so often witnessed his brilliant achievements and felt the force and fury of his sudden onset, are alike his friends. His countrymen of the North, who, during the Civil War, reposed with unfaltering faith upon his almost invincible prowess, will hold him forever in affectionate remembrance ; but among his friends must also be included his countrymen of the South, who in war learned to regard him as the Thunderbolt of the Army of the Potomac, as the impersonation of a consecrated courage unsullied by one act of cruelty or vindictiveness, and who, at the close of that struggle, saw him in their midst, under the responsibilities of a personal administration and in the very zenith of his military fame, achieve also undying civil fame by the abnegation of his military power over his defeated countrymen, as he laid his sheathed and untarnished sword—a fitting sacrifice—on the altar of the civil law.

In the estimation of his Southern countrymen, bereft, as they were, by the contingencies of war of the protection of courts and of civil environments, and dependent for the time upon his unchallenged power and will, this self-imposed restraint of a great soldier, this subjection of himself and all his military powers to the supremacy of the civil law is a spectacle of moral grandeur almost without a parallel in history. In their estimation no language can exaggerate the honors due General Hancock for this great action, nor over-state its beneficent consequences to their rights and liberties; and such action must canonize this soldier, wherever it is known, with the lovers of civil liberty in all lands and all ages.

Any thing more than this simple but sincere tribute to his memory would seem inconsistent with the noble simplicity of his character and the perfect symmetry of his superb manhood. If it can be truthfully affirmed of any man, it can be of General Winfield S. Hancock, that he was a model Soldier, a model Citizen, a typical American.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. B. Gordon". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the text of the first paragraph.

BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

IN the illustrious life and eminent services of the distinguished General we find much to engage our attention and merit our most thoughtful contemplation. The ancient but excellent Latin maxim: *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is inapplicable in any allusion to the life-record of General Hancock. We find it so void of evil; so rich in noble services; so full of generous impulses; so adorned by manly virtues and crowned by heroic deeds, that language fails to fitly eulogize a life and character such as his.

It was my good fortune to meet General Hancock, twenty-four years ago, on the field of Antietam, and to serve immediately under his command during some of the most eventful years of the great war. I have seen him in all phases of life—in war and

peace; have had ample opportunity to learn his true character amid the most trying scenes of the various campaigns: in the camps of discipline; on the tedious marches through the dust of the day and the darkness of the night; in the fierce struggle of battle; in the confusion of disaster, and in the glorious hours of victory.

During all this time he appeared to have no thought of self or aught else save how to best fulfil the all-important duties with which he was entrusted. I never heard him murmur or complain. The great cause in which he was engaged seemed to absorb his whole soul.

A loyal, knightly soldier; a conscientious patriot; a magnetic leader and a most skilful general.

In camp he was untiring in the preparation of his commands for the campaign. A rigid but most just disciplinarian, there was no detail too minute to escape his attention. He encountered no difficult problem of war which he was not able to readily comprehend and overcome. It would be most difficult to find a higher type of true manhood or a better model of the perfect soldier. 'Mid the most trying scenes of a campaign or in the fierce conflict of battle, he appeared utterly indifferent to personal danger. He inspired his command with confidence and incited them to deeds of heroic valor; it was under such circumstances that he arose to the full magnitude of a great field-marshal.

His presence was always dignified and commanding, and though he possessed the indomitable and inflexible spirit of a great commander, yet there throbbed within his manly breast a heart as tender as that of a woman.

Always sensitive of the feelings of others, and never allowing himself to do what might seem to be an unkind act, I have known him—when he fancied that he had spoken with undue sharpness—go out of his way to apologize to one of the humblest of his subordinates.

I never knew him to make an ungentlemanly remark or do an unmanly act. There was no place in his great heart to harbor feelings of hatred or revenge, and although he held difficult and exalted stations in different parts of the country—in which the interests of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen were confided to his care; and although he exercised positive authority over vast bodies of men, his course was so honest, humane, and just, that he left behind him a multitude of friends in every State

and Territory of the Union, and what is most remarkable, as far as I know, *not a single enemy*; dying more universally beloved than any man I have ever known.

In his public and official life he was true and great; yet the highest attributes of his character were most beautifully illustrated in his private and domestic life. A firmer friend, a truer husband, a more devoted father, could not be found in all this land.

As we placed all that remained of the great leader in that narrow receptacle of the little family sepulchre that he had thoughtfully prepared, in his native town, as the final resting-place for those he loved, we realized what little store he had set upon the goods of this world, how exemplary had been his life, and how important had been the services that he had rendered to his country. He had offered his splendid form on many fields as a target for the enemy's shot and shell; yet it was not appointed for him to die upon a field of battle, but in his peaceful home, his ashes to rest near those of his kindred and the companions of his youth.

Considering the difficulties that he encountered, the ability of the associates he drew around him, his sound judgment of men, his honesty of purpose, and strict integrity in all the important positions that he held, I believe that the same qualities that secured his success in military life would have guided him auspiciously in any civil or political sphere in which he might have been called upon to act.

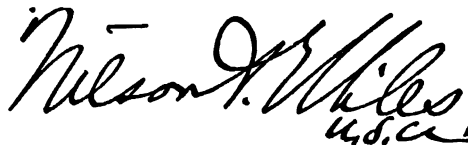
The various events of his life will doubtless inspire historians and artists to give him a prominent place—yet it may be well to refer to one scene in the eventful career of General Hancock where the highest qualities of patriot, leader, and general were displayed. It was when the two great armies had met for that desperate and decisive struggle so important to the welfare of mankind, that humanity was never so deeply interested in any other single contest as in the outcome of this battle. At this time, when the Southern army was exulting over recent victories and the Confederate cause was at the zenith of its power, the fate of the great cause to which he had devoted his life trembled in the balance; it was then that his genius and patriotism rose to the grandeur of that great crisis. Quickly selecting the strategic crests of Gettysburg, almost as quickly the Union lines were, in the hands of the master, placed in position in advance of the arrival upon the ground of the general-in-chief.

When all had been prepared for the final struggle his famous

army corps was electrified by the magnetism of his presence and example. It received the assaulting column as it swept like a tornado across the plain and pierced their lines with terrific force, waving its victorious banners between the broken parts of the Union army. Regiments and brigades melted away beneath the leaden storm. For a time the fate of that glorious army seemed doomed ; the great cause in which it was engaged appeared lost, yet the " Old Guard " could die but never retreat from that field.

Though success seemed within the grasp of the " Army of Northern Virginia," that gallant army had won its last battle ; with the same fortitude that had carried it to seeming victory, the Union forces under Hancock hurled it back in disorder and hopeless defeat. In that critical hour of our national existence he displayed the elements of a great commander, and, together with thousands of wounded and slain, Hancock fell, moistening the sacred soil of his native state with his patriotic blood.

Refusing to leave the field and reclining upon that memorable crest, *he still commanded*, and in that condition gave the final orders to complete the victory. No grander picture of true heroism was ever presented. It is upon that ground his monument should rise, and in the centre of that great scene his true character should be illustrated.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Nelson A. Miles" with "U.S.A." written below it in a smaller, cursive script.

BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL Z. B. TOWER,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

I AM sure that all present respond with feeling hearts to the eloquent and well-merited tributes that have been paid this evening to the memory of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, the illustrious soldier who has rendered such distinguished services to his country. Though I can add little thereto, friendship and a high regard for my old-time companion-in-arms bring me to offer my testimony to his high character and exalted worth. I first knew him at the West Point Military Academy as a cadet, a

mere lad, sixteen years old, comely and manly, but not lithe in figure as he became on reaching the tall, graceful stature of his early manhood. At West Point, as through his military life, he was a thorough soldier, faithful in all things.

We served on the same line of operations in the Mexican War, from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. There was no opportunity to acquire special distinction where all were so gallant. It is credit enough that he was one of that noble Army, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of patriotic valor, from the humblest private up to its grand Commander—General Winfield Scott; always victorious, until the Mexican capital was reached and won. Had its brave soldiers failed one jot or tittle in that courage which persists unto the end, the green grass would now wave above their graves in the Valley of Mexico.

I next met Gen. Hancock at Boston, in the winter of 1863-4 where he had gone to gather some battalions for his Corps in the Army of the Potomac. With laurels fresh from the field of Gettysburg, his high reputation, manly character, and polished address, won him a kind and favorable reception in the Heart of the Old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Wherever duty called him, East or West, North or South, he made hosts of friends, for he was always the same agreeable, courteous gentleman. And now, in the fulness of his fame, and apparently in the strength of his manhood, his life has suddenly gone out, making a "ghastly gap in his own kind and kindred," but leaving to his native land a most honorable record as a man and a soldier; to his family, a richer heritage than earth's treasures—a spotless reputation. Though glory and renown, won by exalted merit and honorable deeds are above all price, they cannot lift the veil of sorrowing woe. Rather do they strengthen ties of love and affection, and render the grief of their parting the more poignant. In the words of a distinguished poet,

" Though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored, but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim."

General Hancock's brilliant achievements in war, and successful administration of his high command in peace, made him a soldier of mark, and placed his name high on the list of his country's distinguished generals. His career was illustrated by those noble

and gentle qualities which endear man to his kind; a chivalric and sustained courage, coolness and confidence in danger, clear judgment with prompt action, a just, loyal, generous nature; to which were allied the inspiration of a commanding presence, and, in all the relations of life, a courteous bearing, a kind, warm heart. The soldier's friend, true to every duty, he was beloved by his associates and honored of men. So will his memory be cherished by a grateful people. His name and his fame have already gone into his country's history.

Z. B. Tower

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL HANCOCK.*

DESCENDS again from lurid sky
The lightning's stroke.
It passeth the lithe sapling by
To rend an oak.

"Death loves a shining mark." With aim
Too sure, his dart
Has reached, high on the Hill of Fame,
A Hero's heart.

Chivalric man! Born to command,—
Mid battle's shock,
Strong in thy trust, fearless and grand,
Firm as a rock.

A hero race claims thee its peer.
As time flows on,
Brighter shall glow, each coming year,
Thy fame well won.

Weep, comrades! for the soldier's friend,
So gentle, kind,
Steadfast and true until life's end,
In heart and mind.

Mourneth for thee thy Mother Land.
In woe and weal,
Thou gav'st to her thy strong right hand,
And heart of steel.

* By request, General Tower recited, at the Meeting, these verses written by him.

More durable than marble bust,
Thy honored name.
Time stains and crumbles stone to dust,
But not thy fame.

Receive, O Mother Earth ! thy Son.
A Hero's mold
Is given thee, till Time's course is run,
In trust to hold.

'T is but the mortal form earth claims.
From this world's strife,
Passed to a higher sphere than Fame's,
The spirit life.

BREVET-COLONEL BASIL NORRIS,

SURGEON, UNITED STATES ARMY.

A VAILING myself of the published invitation to the friends of General Hancock to contribute to the proceedings at a meeting of the Military Service Institution in honor of his memory, I offer a picture of him—handsome as the Apollo Belvidere—and as he appeared on the march across the western plains, nearly thirty years ago. His was the conspicuous figure in the long column, and in the daily camp; always courteous and obliging, all the way from Leavenworth to Utah. So vivid is the memory of his genial face that we almost wait to see his smile and hearken to hear his familiar voice again.

His fame is established, and now that he is gone, the whole people mourn his loss; but none will weep for him like those who knew him in his private life and shared his hospitality. History will multiply heroic deeds, but succeeding generations will read with increasing admiration his memorable order on the field at Williamsburg—and children will recite at school the story of Hancock at Gettysburg when—following the cannonade, when the impending charge was imminent and our arms required the highest courage and the best example,—he rode to the front, along his line of battle, sword in hand.

BASIL NORRIS, M.D.*

* Received too late to procure a *fac-simile* of signature.—Ed.



COLONEL THEODORE YATES,

UNITED STATES ARMY.

AT your request I venture to repeat, in substance, a conversation I had with the late General Hancock, during one of the last trips he made from Governor's Island to the city.

After reference to pleasant occurrences in years past, I spoke of his apparent well being, after all the trials and exposures he had undergone. He turned to me and said: "Colonel, we who have survived the ordeal of the past, measuring life by its experiences, have lived three generations, and must expect soon to drop out.

"It has been our great privilege to have lived in a time when our country needed our services, and it should be a great comfort to us to feel that we have done what we could for the salvation and continuance of our free Government.

"Let us hope that our efforts have helped to make possible the happiness of generations to come, and that the example of our lives will stimulate others to take up and carry forward the good work when we must lay it down."

The General's manner and tone of voice impressed me very sensibly at the time. Here is a soldier, conscious of duty well done, calmly waiting for the last call.

I have never looked upon his face since, because I would not forget the impression left by his bright, cheery, almost parental, look, as he waved me a last adieu.

THEO. YATES.

BVT. LIEUT.-COLONEL FINLEY ANDERSON,*

LATE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

THE whole country was shocked by the telegraphic message from Governor's Island announcing the death of Winfield Scott Hancock, Senior Major-General United States Army, commanding the Military Division of the Atlantic. The sad intelli-

* Colonel Anderson, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General of Hancock's Veteran Corps, on receiving the news of the General's death, went at once to Governor's Island and wrote the description that was telegraphed to the leading newspapers represented by The United Press and the Associated Press. It is here, in part, preserved as a faithful record of the event.

gence was quickly flashed over the civilized world. As if by magic, flags appeared at half-mast on various public buildings throughout the United States. Within an hour, the telegraph wire leading into Division head-quarters was burdened with messages of condolence and tender sympathy with the bereaved widow, whose grief was overwhelming, and of tributes to the General's private and public virtues as a citizen, as well as to his great ability as a commander.

The news of his death was all the more startling from the fact that few, even of his intimate friends, had any knowledge that his illness was really serious. Four days before his death he was in his private office attending to official business. When he went to Washington, two weeks before the fatal Tuesday, a slight eruption on his neck, near the base of the brain, gave him some uneasiness, and the inflammation increased so rapidly that on Friday, January 29th, he had it lanced by Dr. O'Reilly, the attending surgeon at the Head-quarters of the Army. The eruption continued to discharge freely, and the loss of blood was such as to make a very noticeable difference in his usually robust appearance, although nobody imagined that the life of this majestic man was so nearly ended.

Immediately after his return to Governor's Island, a week later, the General sent for Dr. John H. Janeway, attending surgeon of the Department, who soon perceived signs of a carbuncle. To his experienced eye, the evidence of this was unmistakable. Next day the carbuncle appeared, and it gradually grew worse, although the doctor did not consider the condition of his illustrious patient past the point of speedy recovery until Sunday night, February 7th, when decidedly unfavorable symptoms set in, accompanied by delusion. The malady had then touched the brain, and there appeared to be good ground for the opinion that his days were numbered. Proper nourishment and stimulants were judiciously administered. Colonel Charles Sutherland, Medical Director of the Department, co-operated with Dr. Janeway in attendance on the patient, and the General cheerfully assisted his physicians by complying strictly with their directions. He recognized their supreme authority at this important crisis, and, as a true soldier to the last, he obeyed the orders of his superiors. Although his condition was alarming, his pulse was regular and he rested easily until Monday evening and during the greater part of the night, so that hopes of ultimate

recovery were by no means abandoned. Oliver Russell, Mrs. Hancock's brother, who watched by his bedside, did not notice any decided change until an early hour on Tuesday morning. Between four and five o'clock the General became restless, and was unable to take either medicine or nourishment. His physicians were called immediately, and they sent for Dr. D. M. Stimson, who arrived at ten o'clock. In the consultation which they held, the doctors were unanimous in their diagnosis of what soon after proved to be a fatal illness. This was to the effect that the General was sinking rapidly from exhaustion, caused by the loss of vitality incident to the powerful drain upon his constitution, made by the carbuncle, complicated and aggravated by chronic diabetes.

The General soon fell into what appeared to be quiet slumber. General James B. Fry, who had served on Hancock's staff as an Assistant Adjutant-General, having heard that his former Chief was ill, arrived during the morning. General Fry, Drs. Janeway and Sutherland, Mr. Oliver Russell, Hospital Steward Robinson, Private Ward, the General's faithful messenger, and Daniel, his young colored servant, were watching and waiting for the end. Mrs. Hancock, completely prostrated, had retired to an adjoining room. At seven minutes before three o'clock in the afternoon, the final summons came and the great commander passed away without a murmur. General Fry was sitting beside the bed, holding the hand and contemplating the features of the stricken hero. The other sorrowing spectators of this peaceful and impressive scene were still standing, as though transfixed, when the cathedral clock on the mantel in the sitting-room, below, sounded its three solemn strokes. Then they realized that all was over. He had achieved his last and greatest triumph—plucked from death its sting and from the grave its victory.

When I arrived within an hour thereafter, it was with loving reverence that I looked on the form of my old commander. Hancock lay in an easy, natural position, in that simple second-story chamber with its windows facing west and south. His head was toward the North, in whose cause of national integrity he had rendered such conspicuous and important service on those famous battle-fields of the Rebellion, with which the honor of the Union and his own renown must be together. His face was toward the South, whose affection he had fairly won after the war was over by his wise, beneficent, and supremely just administration

of affairs during the Reconstruction period, when, though acting under martial law and clothed with all the power which that implies, he kept his sword within its sheath and asserted the supremacy of civil law.

His virtues were equal to his victories, and both have added honor and glory alike to the Army and the Country. He was absolutely innocent of a fault or a defeat that did not brighten the splendor of his fame. I wish the world would learn the lesson which he taught me: that Duty is imperative in citizen or soldier, and Personal Character worth more to men than riches or renown.

Finley Anderson

SUPPLEMENT.

MILITARY RECORD.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK—Cadet U. S. Military Academy, July 1, 1840; Brevet Second Lieutenant 6th U. S. Infantry, July 1, 1844; Second Lieutenant, June 18, 1846; Regimental Quartermaster, June 30, 1848, to October 1, 1849; Regimental Adjutant, October 1, 1849, to November 7, 1855; First Lieutenant, January 27, 1853; Captain and Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Army, November 7, 1855; Major and Quartermaster, November 30, 1863; Brigadier-General, U. S. Army, August 12, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, and in all the operations of the army in Virginia under Lieutenant-General Grant;" Major-General, July 26, 1866.

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, September 23, 1861; Major-General, November 29, 1862; vacated commission in Volunteer Service, July 26, 1866.

Brevetted: First Lieutenant U. S. Army, August 20, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, Mexico;" Major-General U. S. Army, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Spottsylvania, Va."

PRESIDENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, October 1, 1878 to February 9, 1886.

Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order Loyal Legion, October 21, 1885, to February 9, 1886.

BORN, February 14, 1824, at Montgomery Square, Montgomery County, Penna.

DIED, February 9, 1886, at Governor's Island, New York Harbor.

"**I**N addition to the thanks heretofore voted by Joint Resolution, approved January 28, 1864, to ——— and the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac for the skill and heroic valor which, at Gettysburg, repulsed, defeated, and drove back, broken

and dispirited, the veteran army of the Rebellion, the gratitude of the American people and the thanks of their Representatives in Congress are likewise due and are hereby tendered to Major-General W. S. HANCOCK, for his gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory." [Approved April 21, 1866.]

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK TO
THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY.*

CARONDELET P. O.,
ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 28, 1876.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Your favor of the 4th inst. reached me in New York on the 5th, the day before I left for the West. I intended to reply to it before leaving, but cares incidental to departure interfered; then, again, since my arrival here I have been so occupied with personal affairs of a business nature that I have deferred writing, from day to-day, until this moment; and now I find myself in debt to you another letter in acknowledgment of your favor of the 17th, received a few days since.

I have concluded to leave here on the 29th (to-morrow) so that I may be expected in New York on the 31st. It has been cold and dreary since my arrival here; I have worked like a "Turk" (I presume that means hard work) in the country in making fences, cutting down trees, repairing buildings, etc., etc., and am at least able to say that St. Louis is the coldest place in winter, as it is the hottest in summer, of any that I have encountered in a temperate zone. I have known St. Louis in December to have genial weather throughout the month; this December has been frigid,

* See letter of Mr. Bayard, p. 8.

and the river has been frozen more solid than I have ever known it.

When I heard the rumor that I was ordered to the Pacific Coast I thought it probably true, considering the past discussion on that subject. The probabilities seemed to me to point that way. Had it been true I should of course have presented no complaint or made resistance of any kind. I would have gone quietly, if not prepared to go promptly. I certainly would have been relieved from the responsibilities and anxieties concerning Presidential matters, which may fall to those near the throne or in authority within the next few months, and as well as to other incidents or matters which I could not control, and the action concerning which I might not approve. I was not exactly prepared to go to the Pacific, however, and I therefore felt relieved when I received your note informing me that there was no truth in the rumor; then I did not wish to seem to appear to be escaping from responsibilities and possible dangers which may cluster around military commanders in the East, especially in the critical period fast approaching. All 's well that ends well!

The whole matter of the Presidency seems to me to be simple and to admit of a peaceful solution. The machinery for such a contingency, as threatens to present, has been all carefully prepared. It only requires lubrication owing to disuse.

The Army should have nothing to do with the selection or inauguration of Presidents. The people elect the President, the Congress declares, in a joint session, who he is. We of the Army have only to obey his mandates, and are protected in so doing only, so far as they may be lawful. Our commissions express that. I like Jefferson's way of inauguration. It suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol (I fear it was the old Capitol), tied his horse to a rail-fence, entered, and was duly sworn; then rode to the Executive Mansion and took possession. He inaugurated himself, simply, by taking the oath of office. There is no other legal inauguration in our system. The people or politicians may institute parades in honor of the event, and public

officials may add to the pageant by assembling troops and banners, but all that only comes properly after the inauguration, not before, and it is not a part of it.

Our system does not provide that one President should inaugurate another. There might be danger in that, and it was studiously left out of the charter. But *you* are placed in an exceptional, important, position in connection with the coming events. The Capitol is in my jurisdiction, also, but I am a subordinate and not on the spot; and if I were, so would be my superior in authority, for there is the station of the general-in-chief.

On the principle that a regularly elected President's term of office expires with the 3d of March (of which I have not the slightest doubt), and which the laws bearing on the subject uniformly recognize, and in consideration of the possibility that the lawfully elected President may not appear until the 5th of March, if then, a great deal of responsibility may necessarily fall on you. You hold over! You will have power and prestige to support you. The Secretary of War, too, probably holds over, but if no President appears he may not be able to exercise functions in the name of a President, for his proper acts are those of a known superior—a lawful President. You act on your own responsibility and by virtue of a commission—only restrained by the law. The Secretary of War is the mouthpiece of a President; you are not.

If neither candidate has a constitutional majority of the Electoral College, or the Senate and House, on the occasion of the count, do not unite in declaring some person legally elected by the people, there is a lawful machinery already provided to meet the contingency and to decide the question peacefully. It has not been recently used, no occasion presenting, but our forefathers provided it. It has been exercised and has been recognized and submitted to, as lawful, on every hand. That machinery would probably elect Mr. Tilden President and Mr. Wheeler Vice-President. That would be right enough, for the law provides that in a failure to elect duly by the people, the House shall immediately elect the President and the Senate the Vice-President.

Some tribunal must decide whether the people have duly elected a President. I presume, of course, that it is the joint affirmative action of the Senate and House, or why are they present to witness the count, if not to see that it is fair and just? If a failure to agree arises between the two bodies, there can be no lawful affirmative decision that the people have elected a President, and the House must then proceed to act, *not* the Senate. The Senate elects Vice-Presidents, *not* Presidents. Doubtless in case of failure of the House to elect a President by the 4th of March, the President of the Senate (if there be one) would be the legitimate person to exercise Presidential authority for the time being, until the appearance of a lawful President, or for the time laid down in the Constitution. Such courses would be peaceful and, I have a firm belief, lawful.

I have no doubt that Governor Hayes would make an excellent President. I have met him; know of him. For a brief period he served under my command; but, as the matter stands, I can't see any likelihood of his being duly declared elected by the people unless the Senate and House come to be in accord as to that fact, and the House, of course, would not otherwise elect him.

What the people want is a peaceful determination of this matter, as fair a determination as possible, and a lawful one. No other administration could stand the test. The country, if not plunged into revolution, would become poorer day by day, business would languish, and our bonds would come home to find a depreciated market.

I was not in favor of the military action in South Carolina recently, and if General Ruger had telegraphed to me, or asked for advice, I would have advised not, under any circumstances, to allow himself or troops to determine who were the lawful members of the State Legislature. I could not have given him better advice than to refer him to the special message of the President in the case of Louisiana some time before. In South Carolina he had had the question settled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State, the highest tribunal which had acted upon the question, so

that his line of duty seemed even to be clearer than the action in the Louisiana case. If the Federal court had interfered and overruled the decision of the State court, there might have been a doubt entertained, but the Federal court only interfered to complicate, not to decide or overrule. Anyhow, it is no business of the Army to enter upon such questions, and even if it might be so, in any event, if the civil authority is supreme, as the Constitution declares it to be, the South Carolina case was one in which the Army had a plain duty.

Had General Ruger asked me for advice, and I had given it, I should, of course, have notified you of my action immediately, so that it could have been promptly overruled if it should have been deemed advisable by you or other superior in authority. General Ruger did not ask for my advice, and I inferred from that and other facts that he did not desire it, or being in direct communication with my military superiors at the seat of government, and who were nearer to him in time and distance than I was, that he deemed it unnecessary. As General Ruger had the ultimate responsibility of action, and had really the greater danger to confront in the final action in any matter, I did not venture to embarrass him by suggestions. He was a Department Commander, and the lawful head of the military administration within the limits of the Department; besides I knew that he had been called to Washington for consultation, before taking command, and was probably aware of the views of the Administration as to civil affairs in his command. I knew that he was in direct communication with my superiors in authority in reference to the delicate subjects presented for his consideration, or had ideas of his own which he believed to be sufficiently in accord with the views of our common superiors, to enable him to act intelligently according to his judgment, and without suggestions from those not on the spot and not as fully acquainted with the facts as himself. He desired, too, to be free to act, as he had the eventual greater responsibility. And so the matter was governed of between him and myself.

As I have been writing thus freely to you, I may still further unbosom myself by stating that I have not thought it lawful or wise to use Federal troops in such matters as have transpired east of the Mississippi within the last few months, save so far as they may be brought into action under that article of the Constitution which contemplates meeting armed resistance or invasion of a State more powerful than the State authorities can subdue by the ordinary processes, and then only when requested by the Legislature, or, if it cannot be convened in season, by the Governor. And when the President of the United States intervenes in that manner, it is a state of war, not peace.

The Army is laboring under disadvantages, and has been used unlawfully at times in the judgment of the people (in mine certainly), and we have lost a great deal of the kindly feeling which the community at large once felt for us. "It is time to stop and unload!"

Officers in command of troops often find it difficult to act wisely or safely when superiors in authority have different views of the law from theirs, and when legislation has sanctioned action seemingly in conflict with the fundamental law, and they generally defer to the known judgment of their superiors. Yet the superior officers of the Army are so regarded in such great crises, and are held to such responsibility, especially those near the head of it, that it is necessary on such momentary occasions to dare to determine for themselves what is lawful and what is not lawful under our system—if the military authorities should be invoked, as might possibly be the case in such exceptional times, and when there exist such divergent views as to the correct result.

The Army will suffer from its past actions if it has acted wrongfully. Our Regular Army has little hold upon the affections of the People of to-day, and the superior officers should certainly, as far as in their power, and legally, with righteous intent aim to defend the Right—to us, the *Law*, and the Institution they represent. It is a well-meaning Institution, and it would be well if it

should have an opportunity to be recognized as a bulwark in support of the Right, of the People and the Law.

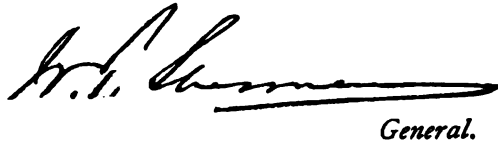
I am very truly yours,


Maj.-Gen., etc., etc.

To

Gen. W. T. SHERMAN,
Com'd'g Army of the U. S.,
Washington, D. C.

A True Copy, compared with original by myself.


General.

St. Louis, Mo., March 8, 1886.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE OF
THE PRESIDENCY OF THE INSTITUTION.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR,
October 8, 1878.

GENERAL :

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 2d instant, notifying me that I had been chosen to fill the post of President of the "MILITARY SERVICE INSTITU-

TION OF THE UNITED STATES," until the general election for officers in January next.

I feel highly flattered by this mark of esteem from the Association, and accept the position, with a full sense of the honor conferred.

If I have not been more demonstrative in the earlier consultations of the Society (up to the period of its successful inauguration), it has not been from a want of sympathy in its purposes, or from a lack of appreciative consideration of its just aims.

Governor's Island, the first point ever occupied by the Hollanders in the harbor of New York, and the residence of the earlier colonial governors, is within the limits of New York City (1st ward) as it is now organized, and I may suggest that this island affords exceptional facilities for the temporary purposes of the Association, and probably for its permanent location ; and, in this connection, I may also state that I shall cheerfully extend the just influence of my authority as commander of the Division of the Atlantic, and Department of the East (the head-quarters of which have recently been established here), as well as that of the superior authority on the island, in the direction of the success of the Association.

With this view, I feel authorized to tender the use of suitable rooms here to meet the present requirements of the Institution, and shall be happy, and able, I believe, in sundry ways, to be of service to it.

This island will, in the future, probably continue to be the head-quarters of the Military Division of the Atlantic, and it is probable that that circumstance, with its military surroundings, and the fact that the island is a part of the greatest city of our continent, may indicate it for the permanent, as well as the temporary, home of the Association.

In case I should not always be present at the meetings of the Society, during my term of office, my absence will not proceed from indifference, and, indeed, may be excusable in my knowledge of the fact that the gentlemen who have been selected as vice-

presidents will undoubtedly preside to the entire satisfaction of those present, and to the best interests of the Society.

I am very truly yours,
Wm. L. Chandler
Pres't Nat'l American Ind. Education
of the United States.

Major-General Z. B. TOWER, U. S. A.,
Chairman, etc



IN MEMORIAM

Extract from the Minutes of a Meeting of the Executive Council
of THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES,
held at Governor's Island, N. Y. H., February 10, 1886.

* * * * *
The following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously
adopted:

WHEREAS, The Council has heard with profound sorrow of the
death of Major-General

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,

United States Army, PRESIDENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE INSTI-
TUTION OF THE UNITED STATES from its organization:

Resolved, That the Council deems this a fitting occasion to place
upon record its grateful sense of the cordial sympathy and support at
all times extended to the Institution by its distinguished head, and
the inestimable service thereby rendered to the military interests of
this country.

Resolved, That the Members of this Institution will ever hold in
vivid remembrance the many noble attributes of its late presiding
officer. His superb heroism and sound generalship upon the battle-
field are proverbial; his magnanimity to the conquered, his strict
execution of the laws, and his deference to properly constituted civil
authority, bear fresh testimony that "Peace hath her victories no
less renowned than War"; while his generous hospitality, broad
charity, sympathy with distress, and fidelity to his friends, are
social virtues which endeared him to his countrymen.

Resolved, That the Rooms of the Institution shall be draped in
mourning for three months, and that a copy of these resolutions, suit-
ably engrossed and attested, shall be transmitted to Mrs. Hancock.

ATTEST:

JAMES B. FRY,
Vice-President and Chairman.

J. T. Rodenbough
Secretary.

NOTE.—The above Resolutions were drawn and are offered here by the Secretary of the Institution.